

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH,
FATHER AND FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Born April 10th, 1829. Converted in 1844. Founded the Salvation Army in 1865.

REMEMBER THE GENERAL'S MEETINGS

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

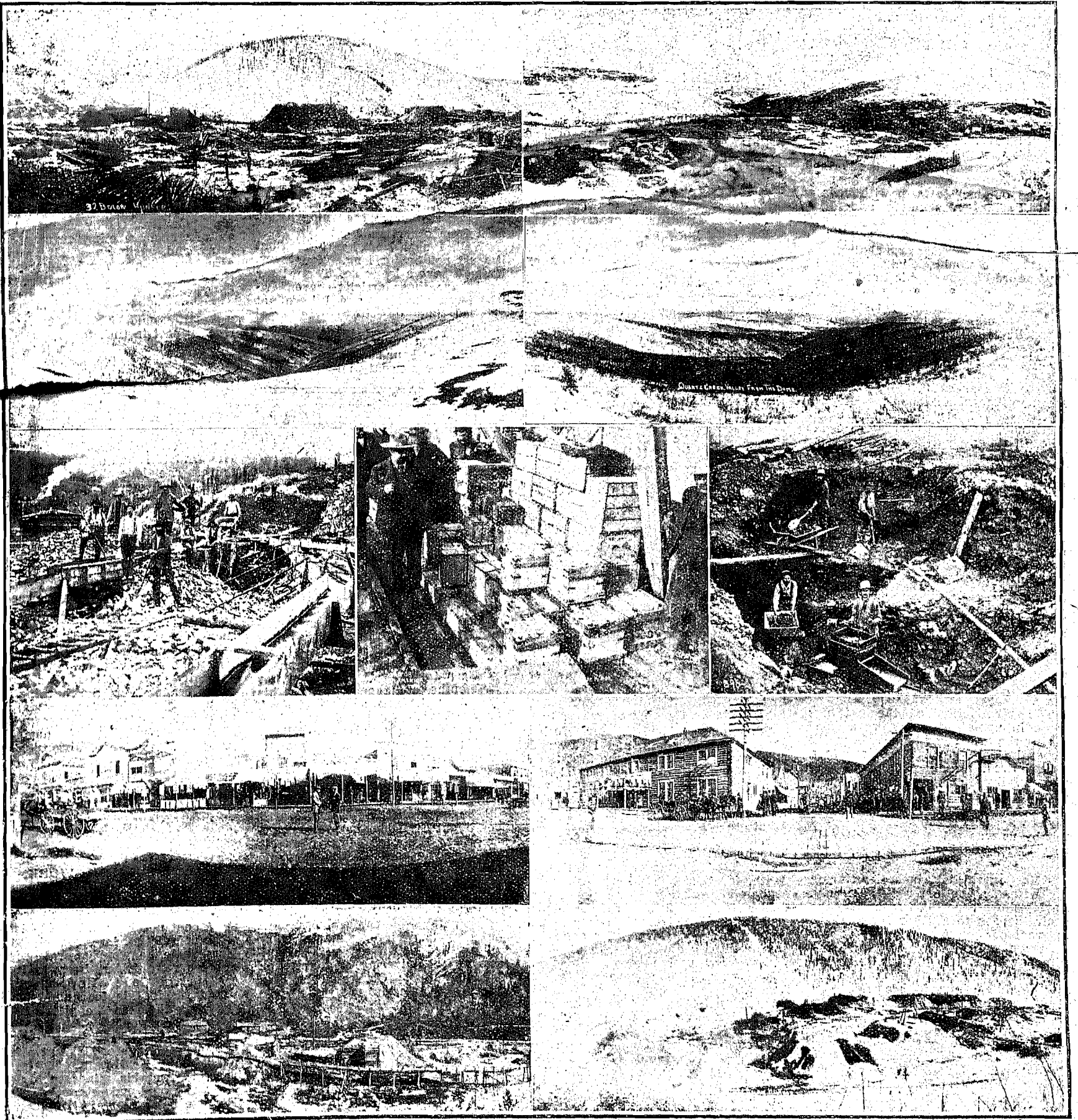
19th Year, No. 1.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 4, 1902.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



SCENES ON OUR FAR NORTHERN BATTLEFIELD.

(See page 4.)

AS OTHERS SEE HIM.

By BEN. H. MULLEN, M.A.

EXPECT the General at 9.30 to-morrow morning." This, a telegram, made the final arrangement, intimating the hour at which our distinguished guest would arrive. Everything was in readiness for our visitor; but Friday morning found us somewhat anxious and a little nervous—we knew not why.

General Booth had just completed a successful, though arduous, tour in Ireland, where he had on consecutive nights, addressed enormous assemblages in Londonderry, Belfast, Cork, and elsewhere. On Wednesday night he had concluded his visit with a great meeting in Dublin. Thursday morning saw him on board a steamer in the Irish Sea, and Thursday evening found him addressing a concourse of persons in a town in Lancashire.

His next engagement was to conduct a soldiers' meeting on Saturday, and we were told by a local Salvation Army officer that he supposed the General was coming to us on the Friday. "In order to have a day's rest," after his heavy week in the sister isle. "What more natural?" thought I. Surely an old gentleman—a man in his seventy-third year—would need and enjoy rest after the exhausting work entailed by his many meetings, and his long journeys by train and boat. Yes; and rest he should have.

Friday morning was bright, though chilly. Fires blazed in the grates. The windows of the drawing-room looked out upon a lawn with beds of tulip, scilla, polyanthus, and other spring flowers in perfection of bloom, and we had rolled up in the room a couple of saddle-back arm-chairs, that we thought would delight our guest and afford comfort to his tired body.

The first time I had seen this remarkable man was two years ago, at a public meeting, where some thousands of persons were assembled to hear him. I shall never forget the occasion, nor the thrill that shot through me as the tall, erect figure, with joyous yet anxious face, stepped lightly onto the platform before the multitude, among which were some who, in times past, before they knew the man, had cried, "Away with him!"

I had read, during the years preceding that night, much concerning the great organization of which General Booth is the founder and leader; much about the white purity of its aims and desires, and of the brilliant success attendant upon its efforts. I had read of the old-time stone-throwing and violent assaults by mobs upon this Army, whose aim is salvation of body and soul, and whose principal weapons are love, self-sacrifice, and adaptation of measures. I had heard of oppression, as in the days of the early Apostles; and, indeed, of outrages of language and insinuation that, in degree, far outdid those of physical force.

The recollection of these things came in upon my mind like a flood during the first few moments in which General Booth stood there, a silent, white-haired, strong man, who had successfully stemmed the raging tide of prejudice and bigotry. Now I was to meet him, to entertain him, under my own roof. The slight anxiety felt by us was not, perhaps, after all, so very astonishing.

"The General has come, dear," said my wife, as she entered the study. Laying down a pencil, I rose from the chair to pass to another room, there to greet our guest.

As we went through the hall my wife gave me the additional information that "He is such a dear old man, and so full of fun! How do you think he greeted me? 'How do you do, Mrs. Mullen? Sure, an' I've just come over from Ould Ireland!' This latter was in fine brogue." Both my wife and I are Irishmen.

"You must be tired, sir, after your heavy work?" I began. "Ballymena, Londonderry, Belfast, Cork, Dublin! Then the sea-voyage yesterday, and your meeting last night. Up early this morning, and on to here by 9.30. Come in, General, and rest by the fire.

My wife will look after you, if you will kindly excuse me, for I must get on with some important work I have in hand."

"My dear sir," came the astonishing reply, "I have come here to work! If you will please allot me space where I will not inconvenience your good wife, and where I can have quiet, I shall feel greatly obliged. Thank you, I shall be all right here."

"Cox" (this to Major Cox, the indefatigable Secretary), "bring those papers, please, upon which I was working last night."

"Yes, sir," and the Major vanished. I pursued this attaché. I had seen him before, and now wished to make his acquaintance.

Overtaking him in his own bed-room, I found that he had already converted a dressing-table into a desk, on which he had just placed, besides some packages of letters and other papers, a Remington typewriter.

"You see, sir, this room will admirably suit me for an office as well as bed-room, if you don't mind. We don't want to upset the house. I shall just raise this seat a bit with a cushion. Ah! Thanks! Pray excuse me. The General is simply 'up to his eyes' with important matters that call for his closest attention, and I must hasten off to him now." In this manner, and within ten minutes after arrival at his new billet, General Booth had again got into harness, and was at work with his amanuensis.

I peeped into the drawing-room, where the General sat on a most uncomfortable chair at an afternoon tea-table; a pile of documents before him, his Secretary making notes by his side.

"Can I do anything more, General?" I asked.

"No, thank you."

And I retired to pick up the threads of my own work.

The last objects that caught my eye as I left the room were two cosy

arm-chairs, with foot-stools, in front of a cheery fire. These had been prepared for the use and comfort of the "weary old gentleman," who completely ignored them. I left him attacking, with an energy that might be envied by many a man of thirty, some business of moment connected with the organization of which he is the nerve-centre.

At luncheon we all met, and I was struck with the way in which, during that and subsequent meals, the General dismissed business from his mind.

Freely and delightfully he conversed with knowledge on a multitude of subjects. For five or ten minutes after luncheon, and so after other meals, we talked together; and, to judge from those few minutes, one might well imagine that the hard-working, hard-thinking man, whose habits were so simple, and whose manner was so courtly, had not a care, not an anxiety in the world; although he mentioned incidentally on a subsequent occasion that all the heavier troubles and difficulties of others seem to gravitate to him.

These few brief moments of conversation past, he said, "Now, my comrades, shall we thank our Heavenly Father for the many and wonderful blessings He has given us?" And the venerable servant of God, in plain language, would lay our praise, thanks-giving and requests before our Maker. This would be followed by a brief retirement to the seclusion of his own room. Then he would labor on once more—work that was, I am sure, almost as intimately connected with the aim of his life as were the meetings which he was about to lead.

Once, by dint of much persuasion, we induced our guest to go with us to another room to see some pictures hung there, and to inspect some rare curios and objects of cunning handicraft from other lands.

"Well, I shall go," he said. "But it must not be for long. You know, Major, I have a lot to do. The printer must have those articles—seven articles!—on Tuesday, and I have not yet had time to write one of them. It is, however, twelve years since I had a holiday, so, perhaps, I can now afford half-an-hour! Come along."

After barely twenty minutes' relax-

ation, he expressed a wish to "get back to work!"

"But let me show you this, General. That spinet —," and I would describe it. It was no use.

"Now, Major, let us be going. My dear sir, my officers in —, and in — (naming countries thousands of miles apart) are waiting for despatches which I am preparing. Come on, Cox; I really must go." And back he went to the stiff-backed chair and occasional table.

"Hope you had a good night, sir?" was my greeting when I came downstairs on Saturday morning, for the General had been up and about before I was down.

"The best I have had for a long time. I think I slept for seven hours; four is often the limit."

Breakfast at 7.30; work—luncheon at 12.30; work—dinner a little earlier than usual; work—soldiers' meeting at 7 p.m. Great and enthusiastic assemblage. Home—bed. That was Saturday in a nutshell—7.30 a.m. till 10.30 p.m., all work, except meal-time.

Sunday morning.—Meals as before. Three enormous meetings, held in a theatre; its three thousand seats filled, standing room occupied, and hundreds of disappointed ones turned away. A couple of hundred men, women, and children were converted at those services; the youngest about eleven, the oldest sixty; the average age of the converts being twenty-six years.

Monday morning.—The General had slept fitfully. Did he waste those wakeful hours? No. On each occasion he was joined by his faithful Secretary, who is always within call; and while the city slept, those two men labored on in the cause of suffering humanity. On by early train for an afternoon meeting seventy miles away, and, again, an evening meeting after traveling a further distance of twenty miles. On to another town on Tuesday. London on Wednesday. Another appointment on Thursday.

A large number of documents arrive by post in time to be thrust into the General's hand as he leaves the house. Replies, the Major told me, would be dictated and type-written as the train rolled along on its journey.

I had heard almost incredible accounts of the exhaustless energy of the General of the Salvation Army. His brief visit had demonstrated their truth. The General must have a constitution of steel and rubber. His diet is of the simplest—fruit, vegetables, bread, cereals, milk, butter, cheese, water, and tea.

The salvation of the bodies and souls of men—of the worst of men—is the one absorbing aim of the General's existence. He seems to feel that for every opportunity missed he will have to account before God. When he addresses a congregation, the responsibility of his service weighs heavily upon him. He appears, then, to recognize that once again an opportunity presents itself of snatching some brand from the burning; of saving some man, some woman, from the service and consequent wages of sin. The strain of this anxiety is great, and the deep, absorbing concentration of effort necessarily reacts upon his frame. But when the next opportunity, in public meeting, or in private conversation, presents itself, the spirit of the man overcomes such obstacles; the body rises to the occasion.

DO YOUR OWN WORK.

I should like to know a man who just minded his duty and troubled himself about nothing; who did his own work and did not interfere with God's. How noble he would work—working not for reward, but because it was the will of God! How happily he would receive his food and clothing, receiving them as the gifts of God. What peace would be his! What a sober gaiety! How hearty and infectious his laughter! What a friend he would be! How sweet his sympathy! And his mind would be so clear he would understand everything. His eye being single, his body would be full of light. No fear of his ever doing a mean thing. He would die in a ditch rather. It is this fear of want that makes men do mean things.

Heroes of the Cross.

HESTER ANN ROGERS.

(Continued.)

Hester had a very close connection with John Wesley and John Fletcher, who was to Wesley what Melancthon was to Luther, a defender. She gives the following account of the first time she conversed with Mr. John Wesley, who was afterwards one of her special friends, and after many years of heavenly communion with this father in the Gospel, it was her lot to stand by his dying bed and comfort him when the messenger came to call him to the rest of heaven:—

"On Monday, April 1st, Mr. Wesley came to Maclesfield, and I saw and conversed with him for the first time. He behaved to me with parental tenderness, and greatly rejoiced in the Lord's goodness to my soul; encouraged me to hold fast, and to declare what the Lord had wrought. On Wednesday morning he set off for Manchester. He thinks me consumptive; but welcome life, or welcome death, for Christ is mine."

John Wesley acted the part of a father to this fatherless minister's daughter. He treated her as his daughter in the Gospel, for she was converted in connection with his first visit to her native town. Some of her choicest letters were written to him.

On August 19th, 1784, she was married to Mr. Rogers, an able minister, who was just the helpmeet she needed to strengthen her. They were of one heart and of one soul.

Mr. Rogers was appointed to Dublin, Ireland, where he and his wife were gladly received, and the Lord gave them the hearts of the people. The Lord gave them a blessed revival, and in three years their society increased from 500 to about 1100. From Dublin

they went to Cork, where they also were the means of many hundreds of conversions, and then received an appointment in London. Thus they were near Mr. Wesley for five months ere he died, and witnessed his last glorious triumph. Of this Hester writes in her journal:—

"To be with that honored and much-loved servant of God, Mr. Wesley, for five months, and then to witness his glorious exit, was a favor indeed. But oh, how awful the scene!—how unspeakable the loss! I peculiarly felt it; being then in a weak state, not quite recovered from my late sickness."

"The solemnity of the dying hour of that great and good man I believe will be ever written on my heart! Well might Dr. Young say, 'The chamber where the good man meets his fate, is privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven!' A cloud of the divine presence rested on all, and while he could hardly be said to be an inhabitant of earth, being now speechless, and his eyes fixed, victory and glory were written on his countenance, and quivering, as it were, on his dying lips! Oh, could he then have spoken, methinks it would have been nothing but victory, victory!—grace, grace! glory, glory! No language can paint what appeared in that face! The more we gaze upon it, the more we see of heaven unspeakable! Not the least sign of pain, but a weight of bliss. Thus he continued, only his breath growing weaker and weaker, till, without a struggle or a groan, he left the cumbrous clay behind, and fled to eternal life in the bosom of his faithful Lord."

GOSSIP! A Few Thoughts.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

"As though He heard them not."—
John viii. 6.
"Speech is silver, silence is golden."
—Carlyle.

"The highest culture is to speak no ill;
The best reformer is the man whose eyes
Are quick to see all beauty and all worth,
And by his own discreet, well-ordered life,
He best reproves the erring."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"You see," she sobbed, as she brokenly told me the story, "they had talked about it among themselves. It was only a little rumor at first, but it went round until it assumed such proportions, and when, at last, through a friend, it reached me, it was a real scandal, and, through it, my poor girl's heart was nearly broken."

"I trusted them," she continued, "and if they had only come to me at first, I could have made everything right, for there was scarcely anything in it really. But, oh, the sorrow and disgrace it has plunged us all in! and they were all professing Christians; that seems the worst part."

Oh, the pity of it—Christians! And by their thoughtless passing on of a rumor they created a scandal that cast a shadow that for years will not be lifted from one young life.

"Gossip," says the Standard Dictionary, "is usually unfounded personal remark or criticism on others."

"Unkind (uncharitable) words," says a writer, "are like the seeds of a thistle-top scattered one by one. It is very hard to gather them up again."

Yes, and oftentimes gossip is truth distorted and so exaggerated that what was in the beginning a simple, easily-explained incident, becomes the ground-work for a story that grows as the snow-man of our youthful days grew in proportion to its rolling over mud and snow, gathering force and "flavor," until the poor victim of ruthless chatter is hardly able to recognize the story that finally is poured into his ears by the friend more faithful than others. Gossip is not scandal. Scandal is wilful defamation of one's good name, and, perhaps, is less harmful in the end. Gossip is that chatter carried on (unfortunately by Christians sometimes) which misunderstands appearances, does not take into cognizance circumstances, and puts its own construction—more or less uncharitable—upon the actions of others.

Casual remarks are repeated, and a story never loses anything in its repetition. Something is added to it or taken from it or explained in a different color. Mischievous is made, sorrow and distress are caused, throwing clouds across the sky, making tears, heartaches, sleepless nights, and anguish of spirit for its victim. Relations are estranged, quarrels are fomented, friends are separated. How true the homely adage, "The snake never goes through the grass but it leaves its slime." Yes, surely, the word spoken without kind intention is worse than the serpent's sting, for that can only harm the body, while the venom left by a gossiping tongue blights and destroys, and sometimes injures the influence of the one so mentioned.

Gossip that is a bearer of good news, or an expression of sympathy in the sorrow or interest in the welfare of others, is perfectly proper. It gives a wholesome spice to life, but we have no right to spread a questionable or injurious report merely because it has been brought to us. It is as much a crime to pass bad money as to coin it. How many hearts have been wounded through hearing that the tongue of spite and jealousy has misconstrued their actions, even attributing evil motives to their best deeds. Shakespeare was philosopher as well as poet when he wrote:

"Good name in man or woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash,
'Tis something, nothing, 'twas mine,
'Tis his,

And has been slave to thousands;
But he who filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

"Every little while society takes after a man," says one, "and it must have a victim. If you had a roll of all the public men of this generation, who have been denounced and despoiled of their good name, it would take you a long time to call the roll. It is a bad streak in human nature that there are so many who prefer to believe evil instead of good concerning anyone under discussion. If a good motive and a bad motive have been possible in the case in hand, one man will believe that the conduct was inspired by a good motive, and ten men will believe that it was inspired by a bad motive. The more faults a man has of his own, the more willing is he to ascribe faults to others."

"What a curse of cynics and pessimists afflicts our time, afflicts all time! There are those who praise no one until he is dead. Now that he is clear under the ground, and a heavy stone is on the top of him, there is no possibility of him ever coming up again as a rival. Some of the epitaphs on tombstones are so fulsome that on the resurrection day a rising man may, if he reads the epitaph, for the moment think he got into the wrong grave."

What says the good book upon the subject?

"Thou shalt not raise a false report;
put not thine hand with the wicked
to be an unrighteous witness."—Ex. xxiii. 1.

"But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as a busy body in other men's matters."—1 Pet. iv. 15.

Does someone ask, What is the cause of a gossiping spirit? It shows two things: First, a shallow, idle mind. It is often a sign of mental poverty, ignorance.

Mrs. General Booth said, "I believe gossip is one of the greatest enemies to both mental and spiritual improvement. It encourages the mind to dwell on the superficial aspect of things and the passing trivialities of the hour."

And another writer has said, "The gossip in a house always decreases as the library increases."

Society no longer considers it good form to speak against anyone. Criticism is a social blunder; gossip, too, is going out of fashion.

It is often an outcome of jealousy and envy. There is a homely, perhaps vulgar, old maxim which contains a truth, "The small boys always throw stones at the big apples."

Second. It is always a sign of a low state of spiritual life. What is the cure for it? Store the mind with beautiful thoughts, have some edifying subject to think of and converse upon. There are thousands of themes which make useful, educative conversation, which stimulates the mind, as physical exercise strengthens the muscles and inspires to lofty ideals and broadens the mental outlook, while petty, trivial chit-chat only warps the mind, deadens the intellect and clouds the mental horizon and lowers the general character of those who indulge in it.

Of how many men (for women are not the only transgressors in this respect) and women is this the chief characteristic.

"Pie! what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!"

This weakness, or any other, re-acts upon and deteriorates the one who indulges the habit, and in the language of the poet we would say—

"This, above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

"If you find yourself in circles disposed to slander and abuse, be for the time as dumb as the sphinx, which, though only a few yards away from the over-shadowing pyramid of Egypt, has not, with its lips of stone, spoken one word in thousands of years."

One thing to bear in mind is that, if you talk of what is to the disadvantage of another, what you say will doubtless be repeated. Of course, you may preface your remarks by "This is quite between ourselves," "Pray do not repeat it," etc. But why should you imagine that the person to whom you are talking will be silent about that which you cannot keep to yourself? He or she may forget the promise, or may not consider it very binding.

E. B. Pusey writes, "One said to me, 'I used to ask myself, May I say this ill of my neighbor? And I always found a reason for it. Now I ask myself, Must I say this? And I never find a reason for it.'"

Have divine compassion for the weaknesses of others. The largest-minded people are the most charitable in their expressions of others. The most holy people look with kindness upon others, even in cases where there may be some little cause for question. What an example we have in Jesus, who, when one was brought to Him about whom there was every evidence of wrong-doing, averted His eyes and said, "He that is without sin (fault) let him cast the first stone." And the greatest apostle, in his ideal for the Christian life assures us that charity (love) not only "taketh no account of evil" (R.V.) but "rejoiceth in the truth." It was the crowning glory of the early church that the heathen world recognized how these Christians loved one another.

I am afraid some Christians forget that one of the most beautiful symbols of our relationship to each other is that we are "members of one body," and if one member suffer, then all suffer.

Another thought to remember is that often there may be a good and legitimate reason for the circumstance that is the cause of comment and that if all particulars were known there would be reasons for commendation rather than criticism.

Then, too, if those who are ready to talk so freely would remember their own weaknesses and frailty, and look at themselves in the light in which others see them, they would find less room to find fault with others.

Oh, for the sake of our own spiritual advancement, and for the sake also of that precious gift entrusted to us, our influence, let us remember Paul's injunction:

"Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man."—Col. iv. 6.

And David's prayer, "Set a watch O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—Ps. cxli. 3. And above all carry out into the every day practice of our lives the golden rule "Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you."

GOD AND HELP FOR MAN.

It is a tremendous thing to venture down into the depths of human misery, with none but human aid to offer, and without a firm faith that the ideal of life is not a parade or a party of pleasure (still less a bower of rest), but a battle and a pilgrimage. It is to go into a besieged city, perishing with famine, with proclamations of assistance, and have nothing to give but our own daily loaf of bread. It is to stand before the nation in the wilderness, fainting from days of drought and to offer them a drink from the few drops left in the pitcher while we have brought by the same journey with the rest from the same well. It is a perilous thing to come to the nation in bondage with words of sympathy, and promises of help, unless we ourselves have first been in the wilderness alone with Him who mighty to save, and heard His voice and received His promises, and proved His power.

A Prayer for Purity.

By E. M. GRAHAM.

"Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."—1 John iii. 3.

○ THOU who dost my life control,
Thy promise ever sure;
Fulfil to me, and purge my soul,
As Thou Thyself art pure.
Spare not affliction: I will bear
The sharpest agony,
If I, at last, with Thee may wear
The crown of purity.

To walk with Thee in snowy white:
Be this my only aim!
O, kindle to a heavenly light
My spirit's flickering flame
Of love divine, and in me burn
A holy, quenchless fire;
My soul and mind forever turn
To Thee, my heart's Desire!

To sometime see Thee as Thou art,
And dwell beside Thy throne;
To feel myself of Thee a part,
And live in Thee alone,
O fit my soul! Make me to shun
The useless and impure;
Finish the work Thou hast begun,
And make a perfect cure.

Teach me to look above this earth,
And gaze upon Thy face;
To value, at their truest worth,
The things of time and space,
Despising naught but sin. And calm
Unto the end endure,
Till purified in Thee I am
As Thou Thyself art pure.

Our Work in the Far North.

By BRIGADIER A. GASKIN.

IT is now nearly four years and a half since the Salvation Army commenced its operations among the migratory population of Dawson City. At the time when the first party of officers made their way to the Klondike region, the facilities for traveling were very limited, and our brave officers had to climb the famous Chilcoot Pass, carrying their heavy burdens, navigating the rivers and lakes, and make their way to Dawson City as best they could. And what a motley crowd, of all nationalities, were streaming into the far-away region, giddy and delirious after gold-seeking and money-making! The great, and almost only, all-absorbing thought was that of getting to the creeks where gold was to be found. No thought of God, nothing but gold. Some journeyed far, suffered severe privation, endured untold hardships, and bore great inconveniences, made money, and grew rich. But many, alas! spent their money and found themselves stranded at last, in a region where was plenty of gold, but yet they without any.

Our officers commenced their work without delay, and no sooner did they form their first open-air ring, and raise their voices in song and testimony, to the accompaniment of such musical instruments as they possessed, than large crowds of men, and sometimes a scattering of women, flocked around them in hundreds and thousands, listening eagerly to the word of truth as it fell from the lips divinely touched. But some place must be had in which to gather the crowds, when nights were chill and the weather was cold, and the severe Arctic frost and snow came upon the city. A rough log barracks was hastily erected. The officers of that first party toiled all day, with blistering hands and aching, weary limbs, and then preached the glad tidings of God's great salvation in the evening.

Men of deepest dye in sin have been won to the Saviour's feet during the past four years. Our work has gone on, grown and extended, and in spite of the shifting character of the population, we have a corps—though small—of substantial, hard-working soldiers. Also we have outposts on the creeks, at Sulphur Creek and Eureka Creek, where the officers go at times and hold meetings in a small cabin, into which flock the miners, till the place is literally jammed, and there is scarcely breathing room.

We have experienced nothing but the greatest kindness on every hand, and great has been the sympathy with our work.

It is recognized by the religious community. The ministers of the various churches lend a helping hand, and prominent public men and business people give their assistance.

The pioneer party stayed two years, and great good was wrought. A Shelter was opened for poor men, a wood-yard commenced for out-of-works, an Enquiry Agency for missing friends, and a reading-room for men hanging around the city.

The Third Contingent.

We have just sent our third contingent of officers, comprising Adj. and Mrs. Kenway, Ensign Hellman, Capt. Quant, and Lieut. Allen, each and all good, stalwart, blood-and-fire Salvationists, and they have taken up the work which Adj. Barr and the brave band of officers who assisted him, have so well carried forward.

The news from the Klondike region is of a most gratifying character. Ensign Hellman writes in glowing terms, telling us they are having very good meetings and souls coming to the feet of Jesus Christ, at the same time expressing the utmost confidence in God, and the surety of greater victories in the near future. The open-air work is particularly good. Great crowds stand around the ring, who also contribute liberally in the offerings.

Adj. Kenway is most optimistic in his writings. While he has been in charge of the work in the Klondike he has not allowed the grass to grow under his feet. The Shelter has been

money in Dawson. Yes, and there are plenty of ways to spend it. Adj. Barr was telling me a few days ago that "when you pay 75 cts. a quart for new milk you are very sparing in the use of it." Wood is very cheap now, only \$16 per cord, and our officers do a good trade in selling at that price, while the unemployed keep in food and shelter by sawing the wood for sale.

Looking Forward.

We are looking forward to grand and glorious victories during the coming year, for although the city is very

is but small, something like 1,500 the winter time much less than that but it is a stopping-place for going in and out to the Klondike, and there are fresh crowds continually passing that way. Again, our work has been successful also it has to be borne in mind the character of the population—exceedingly migratory, and many people who get converted pass on where. However, we have a corps of soldiers, among whom several soldiers of the United States regular military, who have taken stand for God and the Army.

Ensign Gooding and Captain the latter at present in which have done a good work. Some ago an Indian came down to Skagway got converted, went back to his village with his heart on fire with love of God, began preaching to comrades and friends, and this brought about a great revival in which hundred men and women sought salvation. Many of these natives came down from time to time to Skagway and got converted, go back to their own homes, carrying the news of salvation to their friends.

It was through the Salvation Army that James Hanson, who murdered a comrade, was led to confess his crime. This man was afterwards pardoned because of his sincere and earnest desire to live a God-fearing life.

There are, in addition to the regular work in Skagway, several outposts. Haines Mission, Kluckwan, and wack. It is quite interesting to find of an outpost four days' journey away but our brave officers make this journey in order to visit their soldiers' converts. And so they toil on happily.

Capt. Lloyd, late of Dawson City, being appointed to Skagway, and are looking forward to a successful winter's work under the Captain's leadership.

The Chief Attraction.

Westville.—Ensign Carter led special meeting here on Tuesday night. The hall was nearly filled. The Ensign's new solo was "About Chief Attraction." Everything went off well, especially the splendid collection. The Treasurer's spirits were high, and he declared he was "as proud in his life before." At close tea cream was served, and some of our town friends favored us with some good singing. We are belling for victory and souls.—W. and H.

Sincerity is the secret of success.



S. A. Barracks, Shelter and Woodyard, Dawson, Y.T.



A Group of Officers and Soldiers Outside the Barracks, Dawson, Y.T.

cleaned, white-washed, and thoroughly renovated. The wood-yard business has been pushed ahead with all the energy that he and Lieut. Allen could give to it, while Ensign Hellman and Mrs. Kenway have been toiling hard with the corps work. Unfortunately, Capt. Quant's arrival at Dawson City has been delayed, but better late than never.

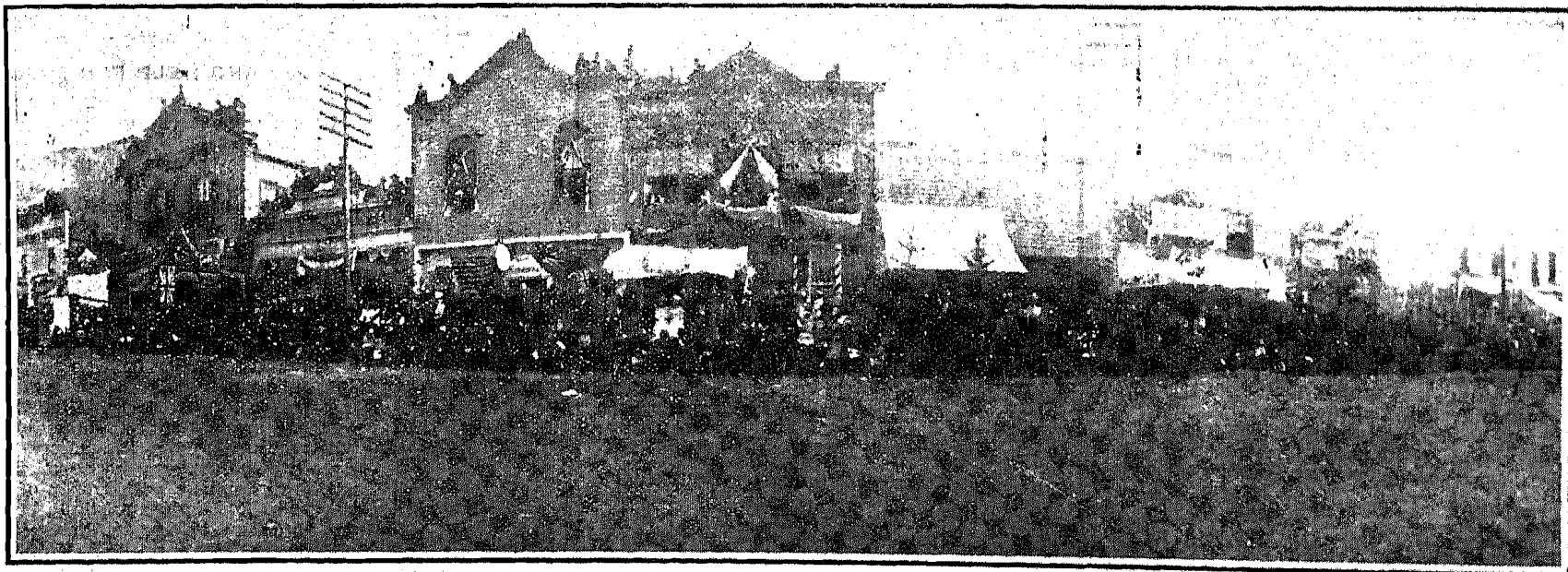
The work is very difficult. During the short summer months most of the meetings are held in the open-air, and in the winter time, when the thermometer runs down to 60 below zero, there are but few people upon the streets, but even then some brave the elements of the frost and make their way to the cosy barracks to hear the good news of salvation.

Of course, people say there is lots of

dull commercially, that does not make salvation work dull. When people are poor, and out of work, and in need of friends, then the Salvation Army is the busiest, and our officers are not, or will not, be slow to seize the opportunities for doing good that come before them. This is their business.

From information to hand we would conclude that this commercial deadness is not likely to continue for any great length of time. We learn that machinery is being put in at great expense for mining quartz, and the prospects for the future are that Dawson City will become an established and permanent gold-mining centre. The Salvation Army is there to stay.

City of Skagway.—For nearly four years we have been carrying on work in this Alaskan city. The population



A Dawson Crowd on Main Street.

THE LIFE OF * * *

Colonel Arnolis Weerasooriya.

BY COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY BATTLES.—(Continued.)

The discomforts of an open-air existence, where our whole life and minutest actions were constantly subjected to public scrutiny, were abundantly compensated by the glorious results God permitted us to witness. We realized that the door to India's millions had been widely opened—that at length we had reached her heart. Weerasooriya was in his glory. He would fairly shout for joy, while the tears of gladness would stream down his face.

Not that our course was by any means all plain sailing. On one occasion, for instance, the high-caste village Patidars, or land owners, had welcomed us with open arms and feasted us on the very fat of the land, being delighted to find that we were eating Indian food with our fingers in Indian fashion, and that we confined ourselves to vegetarian diet. But on learning that we were proclaiming salvation to the low-caste Dhers, or weavers, they refused to find us another morsel of food, or to allow us to approach their houses.

On another occasion every door was resolutely closed against us, the people telling us plainly that they neither wanted us nor our religion, and that if we remained there for fifty years we would never get a single convert from their village.

Supported by Begging Only.

We supported ourselves entirely at this time by begging our food from door to door, as is the custom with mendicant priests in India. Sometimes the food given us was exceedingly coarse and disagreeable, at other times the very best the market could produce was brought to us in abundance. In either case we received with thankfulness whatever might be offered, familiarizing ourselves all the time with every detail of the people's life, and thought, and habits.

At times the opposition was not merely passive, but active. Storms of persecution of the bitterest character would burst over the heads of the young converts. We then betook ourselves to prayer. It was our only resort. The British officials in the Bombay Presidency were at that time openly hostile to our work. The persecutions in Bombay had been started by Sir James Ferguson, the then Governor of Bombay. It was known by the officials who were under his jurisdiction that he viewed our work with the utmost disfavor, and would gladly have deported us from the country. The adoption of native costumes and customs by the Salvation Army officers was regarded with the strongest disfavor at that time by British officials throughout India. It was feared that we would lower the prestige of the "Sahib." Nowhere was this feeling stronger than in this portion of the country. Hence when the high-caste Hindoos commenced to persecute us, it was vain to look for the needed protection to the British authorities.

Still worse was our position in regard to what was known as Gaekwar villages. These were under the direct control of the Gaekwar of Baroda, himself an enlightened priest, but surrounded with high-caste officials, who gauged pretty accurately the feelings of the British officials towards us, and who also resented the idea of the lower castes embracing Christianity.

Thrown Upon God's Help.

But the very fact that we were so defenceless, from a human point of view, threw us, as it were, upon the divine arm of Omnipotence, and, oh, how wonderful were the answers to prayer and the deliverance which we were permitted to witness!

In one village the outburst of persecution was so severe that it seemed probable that every convert would backslide. After dealing faithfully and affectionately with them, we announced to them that we were leaving their village that night and intended to devote two days to fasting and prayer on their behalf. They begged us to wait till the morning, but we insisted on leaving them that very

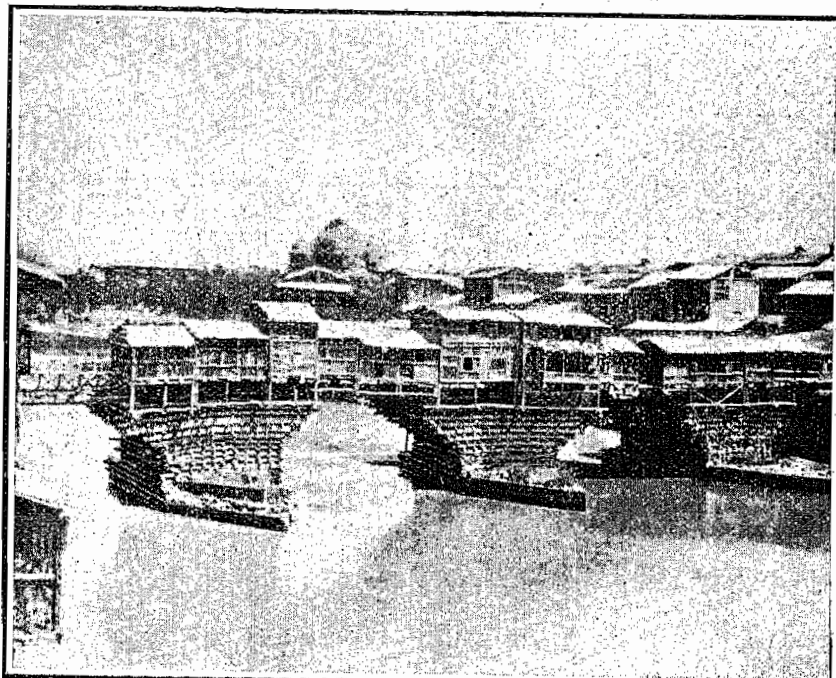
night. The meeting had been concluded about 11 p.m., when some of their leaders burst into tears, as we were about to depart. We fell upon our knees, and the renewed meeting which followed was a melting and powerful time. At its close they again entreated us to remain at least till morning, arguing that it was now unnecessary for us to carry out our original determination, since they were resolved to stand true at all costs.

But we assured them that while we appreciated their resolution and rejoiced over their victory, we still felt impelled to devote the time to fasting and prayer. We bid them a touching farewell, promising to return in due course. For about an hour we walked along the country road. Our feet were bare, and in the darkness of the night the thorns, for which Gujarat is famous, tried us not a little. So after covering some distance we entered an adjoining field. The spirit of prayer was upon us, and we had a beautiful season of intercession for the villagers. Then we spread our blankets in the open field for a couple of hours' sleep. With daybreak we continued our journey in the direction of the river, intending to spend our two days with God under the shade of some tree upon its bank.

Running After Us.

It was about noon when we heard a shout in the distance, and saw running across the field a group of the villagers. On reaching us they told us how, since daybreak, the entire village had left their homes to hunt for us, so distressed were they at the thought that we had taken with us neither food nor water. With characteristic thoughtfulness they had brought with them a pitcher of water and some of the coarse "bajari" bread eaten in that part of the country.

While some of the party remained with us under the tree, others returned to carry tidings to the villagers of our whereabouts. Some time later men, women, and children could be seen streaming across the fields till the entire village had reached us. Pen



Bridge of Shops, Srinagar, India.

Srinagar is the capital of Cashmere, that valley in the Himalaya Mountains so famous for its beauty. It has a population of 135,000 people, and is built for four miles on both banks of the river Jhelum, which is a placid stream with a breadth of about three hundred feet. This river is crossed by wooden bridges, lined with decayed and weather-beaten shops and houses, most of which are adorned with balconies and lattice windows. Some

have their upper stories propped up by poles, and look decidedly insecure, as they overhang either the narrow streets or the river itself. The town is also intersected with innumerable canals, and from this fact, and from its beautiful situation, Srinagar has been called the Venice of Asia. It possesses some Hindoo temples and an enormous mosque, in which it is said that 60,000 people worship at once. It is also the centre of the shawl manufacture of Cashmere.

fails me to describe the meeting that followed. Weerasooriya was in his glory. He shouted, and sang, and prayed, and wept. With their faces bowed to the earth, the villagers wept like children. The Holy Ghost was, indeed, poured forth upon them. The women tore off their bangles and worldly ornaments, while the men shattered their "hookahs," and then with beaming faces they gave glowing testimonies to the work of grace in their hearts. We seemed to neither think nor care about time. But as the sun began to set the villagers urged us

to return with them to their homes. We said, "No." We had promised the Lord two days, and He must have them to the full, though now they would be days of praise rather than of prayer. The women and children reluctantly returned to the village, while a number of the men spent the night with us under the tree.

(To be continued.)

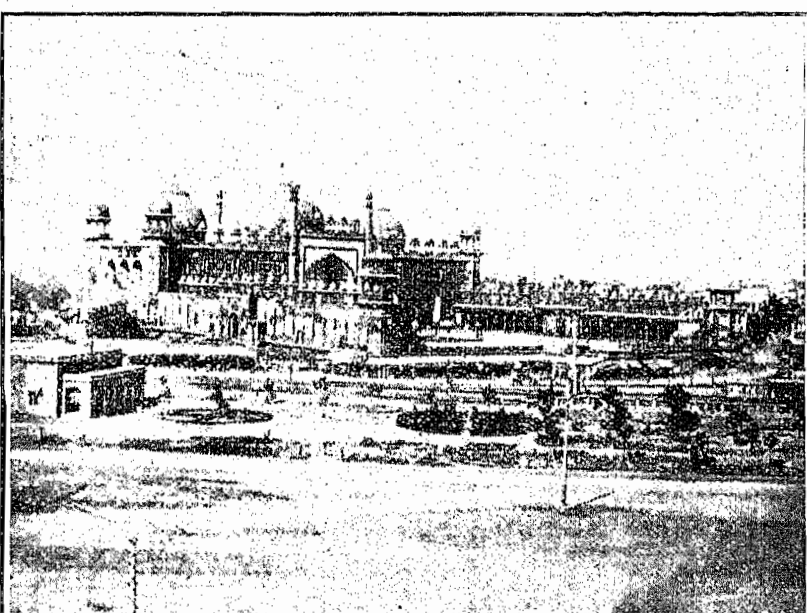
OUR UNIFORM.

To the true Salvationist the uniform means a great deal more than a badge of membership or soldiership in the Army. Its signification is three-fold. First, it is the regulation uniform of the organization, indicating the wearer is a Salvationist. Second, it is a protest against fashion and worldliness. Third, it is a witness for Christ, an outward evidence that the wearer is a soldier of the cross and dedicated to the service of God and humanity. Commander Booth-Tucker, in writing about the adoption of a uniform—the Life of Mrs. Booth—said: "The central idea of uniform consists not so much in the negative advantage of ensuring abstinence from worldly conformity, as in the positive testimony for Christ which it enables the wearer to offer to the world. Wherever the uniform might appear, it speaks for its wearer who perhaps the fluttering heart and trembling lips would scarcely have been able to frame. In railway, street, or tram cars it is a perpetual reminder to the careless and the ungodly, forcing them to think of the eternity in which they are hurrying, and which they would fain banish from their minds. The very criticism to which it may give rise often paves the way to close personal dealing upon spiritual themes, and it is seldom that the Salvationist allows his assailant to depart without receiving some home-thrusts which, lingering in the heart long after the interview has terminated, have not infrequently resulted in tears of penitence and salvation."—South African Cry.

We cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see,
But all is well that's done by Thee
—Charles H. Spurgeon

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

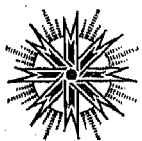
When a fish-bone has stuck in a throat a raw egg should be immediately swallowed, for it will almost always detach it.



The Pearl Mosque, Agra, India.

No city in India equals Agra in respect to fine and wonderful architecture. Here, for example, is that marvelous tomb, the Taj Mahal, which is almost universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful edifice in the world; here also is the enormous Citadel of Agra, about two miles in circuit, and surrounded by a moat thirty feet wide and thirty-five feet deep, and by walls seventy feet in height! It is within this fortified enclosure that most of the famous structures, built by the Moguls at Agra, are located. Among them is the "Pearl Mosque," which is unquestionably one of the most elegant and

elaborate edifices ever reared by man. It was begun in 1648 and finished in 1655. The exterior is of red sandstone, but its courtyard, which is no less than one hundred and fifty-five feet square, is entirely lined with marble from its pavement to the summit of its snow-white domes. In the centre is a marble basin, thirty-eight feet square, designed for ablutions. Around it is a marble cloister of great beauty. On one side is an inscription consisting of letters of black marble inlaid into the white. It declares that this charming mosque may be likened to a precious pearl, since no other is completely lined as this is, with marble.



Our Soldiers' Page.



Daily Readings

"He that saith he abideth in Him, ought himself also so to walk even as He walked."

SUNDAY. —1 John ii. 6. A gentleman asked a little boy what he should give him for a gift.

The lad replied, "A horse."

When asked what sort of a horse he wanted, whether a paper horse would do, he replied, "No, I want a proper horse! I want a horse made of a horse," meaning the living animal.

What the world needs is Christians made of Christ, not mere shams and imitations, but men and women who are living Christs. Are you such? Is this your religion? Nothing short of it will pass muster with God or the world. It may deceive you, but it cannot satisfy even the cravings of your own soul. You must be made of Christ. You can be so now.

—✕—

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."

MONDAY. —Ps. xvi. 11. The old Grecian fable tells us that when Ulysses sailed past the Island of the Sirens, he listened a moment to the Sirens' music, and to prevent himself and his crew being lured to the shore he stopped their ears with wax, and had himself bound to the mast of the ship. But when Orpheus went by the same coast, he being a masterly musician, sent up better music than that of the Sirens, and so enchanted his crew with his own sweet melodies that without the use of either thongs or wax they all sailed safely past the fated Isle.

Get Christ in the vessel, and the satisfaction and joy of His presence will not only be your safety from all dangers which surround, but will enable you to pour your contempt upon the paltry gratifications of this world.

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"I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

TUESDAY. —Isa. xxvii. 3. It is reported that in connection with the burning of a city, 1,250 houses were totally destroyed, and 10,234 people rendered homeless. By a wonderful and very clear interposition of Providence, though the fire raged around our barracks, and destroyed all the adjoining property, our barracks was kept safe.

The fires of opposition, adversity, sickness, sorrow, may rage round the saint—may consume all that he holds dearest here below, but cannot touch his soul. Like the three Hebrew children, he can walk amidst the flames and yet be safe.

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"Be instant in season, out of season." —2 Tim. iv. 2.

WEDNESDAY. Early one Sunday morning, when the Chief of the Staff was quite a lad, he was on his way to knee-drill. Passing by a public-house he noticed the side door was open. He paused for a moment, put his head inside the door, and called out at the top of his voice, "Eternity!" passing on afterwards to his destination. Some years later, in one of his meetings, a man spoke to him, and reminded him of the incident. It so happened that he was the only person in the tap-room at the time. The voice had seemed to him to come direct from heaven, and he had been unable to rest until he had sought and found salvation.

—✕—

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. . . . But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

THURSDAY. —Matt. vi. 19, 20. A poor fellow is struggling in the water, battling with the waves, in danger of drowning. A rope is thrown out to him by someone who shouts, "Lay hold of it and we will save you!" He attempts to do so, but in vain, it slips through his fingers. They throw it again, still crying, "Seize hold of the rope!" Puzzled, they enquire the reason, and find out he has some treasure in his hand,

which he is holding on to and hoping to save. They shout, "Let go the treasure and seize the rope, or we cannot save you. You must let go or you will be lost." He obeys, and is speedily brought to land in safety.

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"Resist the devil and he will flee from you. Draw nigh unto God and He will draw nigh unto you." —Jas. iv. 7, 8.

FRIDAY. Tough enough to resist a bullet, the skin of an elephant is so sensitive that it cannot endure a fly, but will tear up a sapling with its trunk to whisk off its annoyance. Thus with a clean heart, stout enough to resist all the bullets of the world, its jeers, its sneers, its scoffs, its scorn, its persecution; it is sensitive to the slightest approach of sin, and tears a bough from the tree of God's promises to drive off the intruder. The flies of temptation may buzz around, but they are not suffered to settle.

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"Because thou art lukewarm, neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of My mouth." —Rev. iii. 16.

SATURDAY. Some time ago a comrade gradually

became a backslider and slipped from our ranks. When visited and asked as to the cause of his backsliding, without speaking a word he picked up the tongs, and taking a blazing coal from the fire laid it by itself upon the hearth. Together they watched for a moment—the flame went out, turned black, and in a minute or two became quite cold. The backslider then said, without any further comment, "I will be at the meeting next Wednesday."

Is not this a very apt illustration of the way in which the army of backsliders is recruited? Through the press of other matters, or from some cause or other, they absent themselves from the meetings, and as a natural consequence, the deadening influence by which they are surrounded cools their ardor until they lose all desire and ultimately become backsliders.

Comrade, is this your condition? Are you in any degree separated from the fire? If so, beware!

Permanency of pleasure depends on purity of purpose.

The world's premiums are never worth the cost of the coupons.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

CANADA.—(Continued.)

TROPHIES OF GRACE.—(Continued.)

J. A. M.— was reared in a tavern, and as a child acquired the appetite for liquor by

Sly Drinking

from the taps in his father's cellar. He was brought up by his depraved parent to fight and box, and would be taken, as a mere lad, from tavern to tavern to exhibit his precocious skill in these loathsome acquirements. A life so poisoned at the root must necessarily develop into a career of sin. He commenced by robbing his father's pockets, and went on till he was early in the hands of the police, and was eventually sent to a reformatory for five years. He remained over three years, when, being released, he soon got back to his old habits and associates, and went on from bad to worse. Several times he was jailed for various offences, and more than once attempted suicide and murder. At last God led him to a Salvation Army meeting, and when, said he, "the Captain asked the people who were concerned about their souls to stand up, I stood up for fun. I asked him to stick in a word for me. God bless him, he did, and I became miserable about my state. I was very hard on the Army, and used to pull to pieces themselves and their pro-

ceedings, and persecute the officers and soldiers all I could; but God's Spirit was wrestling with me. I promised God if He would spare me till the 1st of January, I would try to serve Him. He took me at my word,

I Was Spared,

and I yielded to His loving call. I could say a good deal about my feelings and the change since then; but my heart, which was full of strife and selfishness, has now perfect peace and love; it was a howling wilderness, but now is a garden of roses, and a dear, loving Saviour is dwelling in the midst."

Instances after instance might be cited, but we must be brief. M—, of S—, giving his experience at the time, stated, "I was a terrible blasphemer, had never been in any place of worship for eighteen years, excepting about six times, and then not to worship God. I was at last persuaded to attend an Army meeting, and the power of God got hold of me; after a time I came forward, and God took me in and blessed and saved me, although I had rebelled against Him and been a notorious sinner for forty years."

J. W., of B—, was a terror to his county, a small farmer, and though advanced in years, his burly form and heavy fist were a terror to all around.

His neighbors fled from him, the police avoided him; a book might be filled with the recital of his escapades and drunken orgies. Drink and debt were fast sweeping his home away. He heard the drum; tying his horse in a shed he followed to the barracks; to-day he serves God, and has brought salvation to many other homes and hearts.

As we write our minds go out to hundreds here and there scattered throughout the Territory from the wreckage of that ocean of sin that surges around, but in whose behalf the great Arm of Omnipotence has reached forth from behind the merry cloud and gathered into the ranks of His fighting children.

But it is not alone from the ranks of what the world calls desperate depravity that trophies were then, and are still, won. The sword we wield is two-edged, the ranks of cultured vice and self-satisfying immorality have yielded before the sword of the Lord and the Salvation Army, the repentance and restitution of unrepented sinners has proven the genuineness of their change of heart. View by the hundreds that were once sacrilegious to debauchery and lust are now consecrated to God and man's salvation. Professions, too, has laid aside its mask, and Phariseism has discarded its phylacteries, and in the spirit of God's little children is found fighting side by side with the cleansed leper and the uplifted, purified Magdalen.

Just one case of the latter class occurs here. J. W. R., a clergyman of the English Church, writes: "For years I labored in what I thought was my vocation, but my own inner self told me that I possessed not the one great blessing I held up to man's acceptance, in fact, that I was merely the dumb sign-post pointing to a road that I myself did not journey on. This conviction became intolerable, and I quit what I might well term my profession. I went, in common with others, to hear the Army, and shall never forget that first meeting, and when the Captain came and spoke to me asking if I was saved, the light broken in upon me, and I realized what it was, and how much I needed. The next day the officer visited me at my house, and on our knees we dealt with God, and, bless His name, I experienced the new birth, and realized that I was a new creature in Christ." This gentleman's wife afterwards experienced salvation in our meeting, and they both, after joining the Auxiliary League, felt called upon of God to two ranks, and to-day fly the colors and wear the uniform of Salvation Soldiers.

Here we must leave our trophies won at that early date, satisfied with these few instances culled from the mighty whole. Surely, if there were none others to be found, there is

Ample Reason for Our Existence,

ample recompense for every hour occupied, every cent expended in our work. But a mightier force than earthly time or earthly wealth propels this soul-saving apparatus. No human energy, no finite mind could have conceived or guided this stupendous work, and to God alone belongs the praise. Gathered from all ranks, all conditions, all creeds, all colors, we press on, happy in the consciousness that God still leads the Army, and His Spirit rules and guides the war.

(To be continued.)

To keep waistbands and neckbands stiff, damp the stiffening, then, with a very hot iron, press a thin lining to it, which will cause the two to stick together; afterwards put on the top covering. This will keep stiff for a long time.

An old comrade, who greatly glorified God by her joyous and consecrated life, was asked:

"Do you have any clouds?"

"Clouds!" said our sister, "clouds! why, yes. If I had no clouds, where would all the blessed showers come from?"



A Group of West Indian Officers.

Letters from the General

*** To the Soldiers of the Salvation Army.

ABOUT BEING SAVED.

LETTER No. 9.—FURTHER EVIDENCES OF SALVATION.

My Dear Comrades,—

I concluded my letter last week when writing of a most important part of my subject. I was speaking of the evidences by which a man can judge whether he is in a state of salvation or not. I named three of them, each, in my estimation, being very important.

The first was the personal realization of the fact. A truly saved man knows that he is saved. To what I have said on that point let me add that this sense of certainty is the result not only of a man's knowledge that he has complied with the conditions laid down in the Bible, that he has turned to God and submitted to His claims, and then by faith claimed forgiveness and conversion, but it is the work of the Holy Ghost, given to him to assure him that his action has been acceptable to God, and that his past sins are forgiven, and that he is admitted into the divine family. It is of this that Paul speaks when he says, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."

The second evidence I mentioned was the open avowal of the fact. If Christ has been formed in the heart of a man, he will not hesitate to boldly say so. If a man has taken his stand for God and righteousness, he will acknowledge the side he is on before the world around him, and the world will know it.

The third proof of salvation which I named to you was the fact that a saved man comes under the ruling power of love. Love to God, and love to man become the great purpose of his life. Unsaved men live to please themselves. Saved men live to please God and to bless men.

I now come to speak of further evidences. They are very numerous, but I can only find space here to mention a few. In addition to those already given, I want you to think of the following:—

1. If a man is saved he will live a good life. He will exhibit what the Bible calls "the fruit of the Spirit."

He will be a man of truth—that is, he will not only abstain from telling lies, but will not permit himself in the practice of any deceit, either in speech or action. You know people can act an untruth as well as deliberately speak that which they know to be false; but all such is inconsistent with a state of salvation. The devil is spoken of as the "great deceiver," and those who follow him in the practice of any kind of deception cannot regard themselves as the children of God.

Honesty also will be a feature of the life of a good man. You would not be found, my comrades, putting your hand into your employer's till, or into your neighbor's pocket, to take money; but do you equally recognize that a servant who wastes his employer's time is just as dishonest as those who steal from the cash-box? In all his relationships, whether in great or little things, the principle of honesty will govern the man or woman who is really saved.

Industry and attention to duty are inseparable from good living. Laziness is out of harmony with any profession of holiness. The truly good man will take trouble with himself and the work which comes to his hands. He will not only do that which he has undertaken to do, but he will seek to do it in the best way, so as to ensure the best results. He will be properly described in the Bible words as being "diligent in business," as well as "fervent in spirit."

I must remind you also that good living includes kindness. Life is full of opportunities for actions of this sort. An encouraging word will be spoken here, a helping hand given there, little obstacles will be removed out of the path of the weak and stumbling ones, and the ministering spirit of kindness will show itself at every turn.

You see I am not stopping to des-

cribe these qualities fully. I only want to show you some of the signs of goodness which must come out in the life of a saved man. He will manifest these virtues, not only in his own family, but in all his relations with his fellows. He will thus let his light so shine before men that they, seeing his good works, will glorify his Father which is in heaven. Imperfect he may be, faulty in many particulars, but in the main he will be seen and known by those around him to be a good man.

2. A saved man will care for the salvation of his fellows. I have already said that he will love and seek to bless others, but in particular he will have his senses awakened to the value of men's souls. I do not see how any man can claim to be in a state of salvation who does not possess at least a measure of the Spirit of Jesus in this respect. As Paul said, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." What was that Spirit? Not only submission to His Father's will and the exhibition of a beautiful and holy disposition, but the spirit which spared not Himself when His very life had



Our Work Among the Coolies of Demerara.

to be sacrificed for the redemption of men.

3. Another evidence of salvation is the ability to live by faith. I mean to say that whilst worldly-minded and unsaved people are influenced in all they do by their natural senses, saved men regulate their lives by spiritual senses—that is, by a belief in great truths and facts, such as the love, and power, and claims of a God and Saviour, and eternal realities not discerned by physical eyes, or ears, or touch. They walk by faith.

"Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye."

Like Moses, the saved man endures "as seeing Him who is invisible." This brings to him the assurance of God's providential care. Believing that the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, he knows that all things will work together for good. And, still further, he is strengthened in the midst of the battles of life by the assurance of ultimate victory and glorious reward.

4. The saved man enjoys an abiding peace, which, of itself, is a strong evidence of this salvation. He is at peace as regards the past, knowing that his guilt has been washed away by the blood of Christ. He has peace as regards God, for has he not received the inward assurance of divine favor, and the witness that his ways please God? And as regards the great future, with its resurrection morn and

judgment throne, the saved man views all with a soul kept in peace by God Himself.

5. The saved man also enjoys divine communion. By that I mean more than if I had said, "He prays." Even the sinner can pray, and pray acceptably, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" but the saved man knows that he is saved when, in addition to prayer and supplication for himself and others, he can enjoy divine intercourse as of a child with its father, or of a friend with friend. If you are properly saved, you are of the company who can truthfully say, "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ."

6. Saved men and women give evidence of the fact by their perseverance. That is to say, the blessings of salvation have become so real and precious to them that they find satisfaction in following on to know and to do the will of God, turning from worldly pleasures and selfish indulgences, which would be likely to hinder them, and leaving "the things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," they "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

At the same time, I must remind you, my comrades, that none of these experiences and joys lift you to a state from which it is impossible to fall. Many, alas! have turned aside almost from the very gate of heaven, and have gone down to the backslider's misery on earth, and the back-

A Great Winding Stair.

With a goodly number of other comrades, I started out on a journey to a country, which we had been told was very near. We were a very happy and gay crowd, each one seemed to be delighted with the prospects that lay just before us, and as the road was good and favorable for our journey, we soon made rapid progress, and got on very well. We were supplied with all the necessary comforts for the journey, and the whole company rejoiced together.

After we had been on the way some time, we came to the foot of a great winding stair, which we had to climb, and as the steps were easy to mount, we went up with speed, and each one rejoiced as we journeyed on.

We had not gone far till the stair was found to be getting

Narrower as we Ascended

the steps more difficult to climb, and soon some of our comrades began to drop behind. Some even decided to go no further, and turned to go down again, saying the journey was too hard for them, and that it was no use to try to go any further. However, I kept going on, until, one by one, they all had left me. I was left alone. Then the way became still more difficult, the steps were very narrow, and there was scarcely enough for me to get my toes onto the step to keep from slipping. To make matters worse I became very tired and hungry, and just then I met some traveler, to me unknown, coming down, who said he found it impossible to go any further, and that it was still worse higher up. After telling me how hard the road was that I had to climb, he left me and went down.

One by one I met those who had started before coming back, saying that it was useless to try to go any higher up, as the steps were too steep, and there was so much danger and hardship to be encountered that it was far better to turn and go back. But I still kept on. Finally I became so tired and

Faint with Hunger

that I thought I would have to give up also, when, to my delight, I looked on one side of the stair and there was a resting-place, and all the necessary things for my comfort. I was soon refreshed, and after getting something to eat I was refreshed for the journey, so I started out again. I was continually encouraged to go on by a voice that seemed to speak to me and tell me that it was better on before, notwithstanding the fact that I still met some coming down who said that it was no use to go any further.

It was evident, from the bruises and wounds that were bleeding, that the way I was going was a very difficult journey, but I felt that I could not give up or turn back, and after many temptations and struggles I reached the top.

The sight was grand and past describing; there sat a happy throng sitting in companies of twos; there was only one that I knew, and he was an Army officer, and as soon as I arrived he asked them all to join him in singing me a welcome, which they did in strains of sweetest melody, and soon I was made one of them and joined in the glories that they enjoyed. The place was surrounded by a beautiful wall, and everybody was so happy and safe that words fail to describe.

I awoke to find it was a dream, but the memory of it has never left me, and since I joined the Army, nearly sixteen years ago, I have seen many who started with me on the heavenly journey, turn back to the world again, and many times have I been encouraged to press on to the end of the way. I am now well up in years, and the days of my pilgrimage are nearly ended, but I still love God with all my heart, and the dear old Army that brought me to the fold. If the telling of my dream, which occurred four years ago, is of any help or blessing to any War Cry readers I shall be glad, and I earnestly pray that God may be glorified by relating the same.

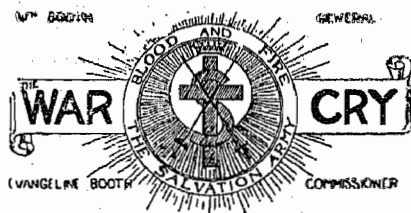
—John Gunn, Dorchester, N.B.

Singing saints are seldom sad ones.

He who was often weary can always give us rest.

COURAGE IN ADVERSITY.

A weak nature is injured by prosperity, a finer by adversity, the finest by neither. We all agree that a person who cannot bear success does not deserve it. But do we ever, in the midst of our disappointments, stop to think that if we cannot bear with equanimity untoward circumstances, we do not deserve success? What merit is there in being full of courage and good cheer when friends and fortune are both smiling? What does it show of our moral and spiritual calibre, our faith in God, our ability to do and dare? 'Tis easy, truly, "When destiny proves kind, with full spread wings to sail before the wind." But when lowering winds come on apace, when the darkness gathers and the waves dash tempestuously about, then it is that the opportunity is given to show what we are; to show what are our inherent qualities of mind and soul; to work out faithfully, come weal or woe, the life that God has intrusted to us.



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GAZETTE.

Marriage—

Capt. J. Calvert, who came out from Bracebridge in 1899, and is now stationed at Bowmanville, to Capt. L. Matthews, who came out from Hamilton on July 27th, 1897, last stationed at Yorkville, at Bowmanville, on Sept. 9th, 1902.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.



By the Commissioner.

Ten thousand hearts are palpitating as upon the near horizon there steps the figure of one so greatly beloved on earth and to truly honored by heaven.

Like a live spark on a prairie, the news of his coming has spread through press and people, gathering force and fervor with every mile traversed, and every soul enthused.

"Is the General really coming?" "Can it be that the General is to visit Canada again?" "I suppose there is no likelihood of any disappointment in the General's visit?" are samples of the multifarious questions which accost the Army uniform on the street, in the car, at the depot, and, indeed, everywhere where a Salvationist is in evidence. Let me say in reply to all such queries here and now that there is not the smallest room to question that any part of the General's campaign is liable to an iota of cancel. Within every department of the Central War Office it looks as though there were every certainty of the complete program going right through. The General Secretary's office is a wilderness of tour memoranda, through which Brigadier Gaskin and his capable aides steer courses undiscoverable to the uninitiated eye. The Property Department, usually a peaceful oasis in the desert of such preparation, teems with varied schemes for the fitting of rooms and halls in connection with the event of the century, and Brigadier Horn's level head is putting the polish on every project and plan. The Editorial Department is laid siege to by numbers of reporters, whose varied note-books correspond to their multi-colored and cornered hats—the Christy stiff predominating—while the centre of our Trading operations is overwhelmed by the orders of those who want to meet the General in new and irreproachable garb, and any other head save that of the Assistant Trade Secretary would be in danger of taking on a hue of grey!

The systematic manner characteristic of the Chief Secretary, which keeps his domain so orderly, even in its excitement, that a stranger might be deceived, and not at

the first glance discern that almost every weighty matter discussed by Colonel Jacobs, and dealt with by his able assistant, has reference to the theme of the hour. And if I could invite your scrutiny behind the balise doors of my own office, and pilot you through stacks of correspondence, briefs, and business which stretch out one long arm of communication across the seas to International Headquarters, the other to the farthest limits of the General's tour in this country, I think you would agree with me that all Territorial Headquarters gives testimony to the fact that the General is expected—and very soon expected, too!

Indeed (how all my soul quickens at the thought) he is almost here. But a brief three days after I write this he will embark on a leviathan of the deep, which will be followed by the prayers of thousands to whom he is coming, while by the time these lines will be in the hands of the public a thrill will have gone through two vast Territories, embracing a whole Continent in the actual arrival of the General.

No pen can describe the welcome he will receive as he appears upon the fighting ground of my own command. Every voice will be raised, every soul uplifted, every emotion stirred, every capacity exerted to expressions of gladness and gratitude and do honor to one who comes, the blessing and inspirer of our hearts, the intercessor of wrecked and wronged humanity, the prophet of the old-time Gospel of simplicity and service, the hero of a thousand battles fought on fields of love and sacrifice, the sinner's helper, the prisoner's friend, the lost soul's guide, the poor man's companion, the Army's General—and my father.

After her long sick leave, fraught with so many painful memories, **LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.** Lieut. - Colonel

Mrs. Read is once more in her accustomed seat of office, and I feel sure that all around the Territory her comrades will unite in the warmest and heartiest of welcomes.

The Lieutenant-Colonel's absence has not only been a calamity to the important work for which she is responsible, but has left a vacancy at Headquarters which has made a corresponding miss in the hearts of all who know and love her. Especially have I missed her gentle presence and valuable help from my own side, and am more than glad and thankful to have her back again.

The responsible position which she holds, and the exceptional abilities with which God has endowed her, have long made Mrs. Read an essential and prominent figure at our Territorial centre, and the long months during which she has been unable to direct her usual work, and exert her usual influence have been of loss to our warfare in every way. Major Stewart has acted the part of a heroine in the emergency and bravely shouldered her extra portion of responsibility, giving all toil and devotion within her power to the filling of the vacant place, but with the much detail work that demands her attention, it has not been possible for her to grant that general oversight of the various branches of the Women's Social which those departments claim.

Although so far recovered as to be able to resume her official responsibilities, yet Mrs. Read's health is still all too frail, and I feel sure that I can bespeak for her the fervent and loving prayers of every comrade and

friend, that the Lord, who has so tenderly brought her through so much shadow and sorrow, may further strengthen and completely restore a strength which is so precious to the world's needs, and to us all.

Notes by the Chief Secretary

On the General's Visit.

I feel very much encouraged to write a few notes this week. There is not the least doubt many blessings are received through the reading of the War Cry, and the writer remains in ignorance as to the results. This is especially so in my experience. This week, however, is an exception.

No sooner was the Cry issued than I observed a sister-warrior gazing over its pages, devouring everything in sight, my notes among other things; and there and then the said sister-warrior informed me of her intention of getting a new suit of uniform right away. Some sisters get new uniforms before they really need them. This, however, was an exception, as a new one was very necessary.

The Commissioner has just called in and authorised me to say that soldiers of Ontario who purpose coming to the General's meetings, will be allowed a reduction of ten per cent. on their uniform. This is only up to the time of the General's visit to Toronto. This gives every soldier an opportunity to pension off the old bonnet or cap, and, to use the words of the Commissioner, to "come out bright and shining." Now, please, dear, good, beloved soldiers, do not mistake what I say, or you may turn the Assistant Trade Secretary's hair grey, or cause it to come out. This ten per cent. arrangement is only up to the time of the General's visit!

Please excuse me just once more. Do not misunderstand the Commissioner's words, "bright and shining." Bright implies a nice, new look; shining does not mean shining with grease, but a general smart and tidy appearance, with a heart cleansed from sin, a face that shows it, and a uniform to match.

Just one thing more on this uniform question. There are "Welcome" badges. How can I describe them? Pen fails me. However, I will try. One has a beautiful aluminum bar. Attached to the same is a piece of blue ribbon with words of welcome; further down on this ribbon is a star, in the centre of which is the photograph of the General. The whole—bar, ribbon, star, the General, and the wording—for 25 cents. Just think of that, and if you get one and keep it for twenty-five years, I have not the least doubt the next generation will be delighted to give \$25 each for them.

A smaller badge, very nice, but not quite so artistic as the above, is also on the market. For the price, of course, it is unequalled. Those will also be handed down to posterity. The price is within reach of all—only ten cents.

Last week I was saying something about preparation. I am most anxious that you should receive all the blessing possible during the General's visit, therefore prepare your heart to receive. It is no use for me to say, "Don't come to see the General," because you will certainly want to see him. What I mean is, do not come only to see him, but come determined that you will get all the blessing possible.

Prepare by prayer! That is, get down before God in supplication for an outpouring of His Spirit on the meetings. This will help you in your faith; it is very difficult to believe for great blessings which have not been sought after.

Come in the spirit of expectancy. Expect to receive a blessing; expect to receive fresh light from God, which, if followed, will make you more than ever a bright and shining light.

What can I say for Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton, Woodstock and London? These centres are well known to those who live in and around them, and if you can possibly get to any of them, do so by all means, but be sure and present yourself to Toronto. The other places will be beautiful, but Toronto will be the heart of the Territory; in fact, if it did not have the appearance of praising ourselves, I would say, "It will be the heart on the Continent."

Special railway rates have been arranged from all stations on the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific. Sometimes these special rates are not quite understood. So that there may be no mistake be careful to buy an ordinary first class single ticket, ask the agent to give you a Standard Certificate, and when you arrive in Toronto give Ad Burrows the Certificate and 15 cents and you will be furnished with a turn ticket free. You will at once see the cost will be a single fare and cents.

What Jerusalem is to the Jew, a Mecca is to the Mahomedan, Toronto is to the Salvationist. It is going to be a tremendous affair. Next week we will try and make the progress plain.

The General's Farewell Meeting at Clapton.

A cable to the Associated Press states: "London, Sept. 22.—General Booth conducted three farewell services at the Clapton Congress yesterday. Three thousand Salvationists bade the General Godspeed at an evening service, when he expressed desire to convey messages of affectionate regard from them to Canada and the United States. The General asked those present to send a message to their American brethren, with the people of Great Britain, might stand before the world as friends of a human family, and that these great nations should work shoulder to shoulder for the peace and happiness of the world. A mighty shout 'Amen!' and a forest of waving hands greeted General Booth's words."

Outpourings at Ottawa.

Glorious Sunday at Ottawa. Mighty outpourings of the Spirit of God. Great conviction. Twelve souls for the day. Brigadier Pickering's unexpected visit was much appreciated by soldiers and friends. We have now had over fifty seekers, and expect to have about twenty to enrol to-morrow night. Report later.—Brigadier Pugnire.

Major Turner at Barre.

(By Wire.)

Major Turner has visited Barre. A glorious week-end was conducted. Major Turner and the Harmonic Revivalists. Building packed, collected several times above average. Major crowded in seven meetings, delivered powerful appeals. His talks were very inspiring. Convert of Saturday turned up for knee-drill. H. F. target of \$1 well in sight. We are in for victory. Capt. T. Bloss.

The Salvation Army's lifeboat "Catherine Booth," which is entirely manned by Norwegian Salvationists, has rescued the crews of fifty fishing boats during the past years.

From Foreign Fields.

Great Britain.

Nearly ten thousand Edinburgh citizens flocked to hear the General recently, and one hundred and thirty-eight souls was the result of the campaign.

The General has concluded the Annual British Staff Councils. They are described as powerful reviews of the Army's spiritual and doctrinal positions.

The General reviewed the Army's progress and the important development of its opportunity.

Confirmed the extension and responsibility which was imposed upon the Provincial Commanders and Secretaries at the previous Staff Councils.

Referred to the strong, but temporary, forces that had operated against the Army during the past three years, and to the striking results achieved notwithstanding.

Pointed to the many signs of a gracious awakening, and the steady and satisfactory work done among our young people, and its effect upon the Seniors.

Showed the need of more efficient labor in the corps, and outlined plans for the social, mental, and spiritual improvement of the Field Officer, side by side with the curtailment of his clerical responsibilities.

He also showed how, in several directions, the Local Officers must be brought into more active partnership with the Field Officer in the responsibility of corps affairs.

United States.

In Boston (U.S.A.) a new Children's Hospital has been opened close to our Boston Rescue Home.

The percentage of satisfactory Rescue cases in the United States is now ninety-one per cent.—the highest results yet attained.

The Consul, accompanied by the Chief Secretary, was in Cleveland last Sunday and Monday. On the Sunday the Consul spoke to a crowded audience in the Euclid Ave. Baptist Church, every nook and corner of which was packed with people, and a large number unable to get in. On the Monday she conducted the ceremony of the stone-laying of our new citadel in that city. Among the speakers were Congressman T. E. Burton, and Rev. Dr. H. R. Coollet, Director of Charities. Both of these gentlemen made excellent addresses and spoke very highly of the Army work. The Consul rose to the occasion and excelled her self. Her discourse was listened to attentively by the large crowd present, which was estimated at about 2,500.

This ceremony was undoubtedly the most important event in the history of the Salvation Army in Cleveland. The Consul said, "But this is the greenest of the green spots in my memory." The people were all sitting and standing around the outside of the building on the street; then the large hole which had been dug out for the basement of the new building was filled with another audience, which formed quite a picturesque appearance.

Commander Booth-Tucker got one of the most enthusiastic welcomes that was ever given to a religious leader at Oklahoma. Everybody was interested and showed the greatest respect. The meeting in the opera house is described as "fine!" The crowd was large and enthusiastic. The Commander gave an address on the Army, conducted a wedding, and then appealed to the sinners to get saved. The finish up was a glorious one. Eight souls in the fountain. The bride and groom dealt with the sinners and helped to bring them into the light. It was a splendid beginning.

The hallelujah wind-up was of an old-fashioned character, and it was difficult to get the soldiers and friends

to part from their Commander. A splendid impression was made, and all are anxious for another visit from the Commander. Canadian comrades would also like to see him once in a while, of course.

Staff-Capt. Berriman farewells from the Atlantic Coast Division, Central Province, and is succeeded by Major John Sammons, from St. Louis.

Major Kimball, who has had charge of the Fresh-Air Work at North Long Branch, N. J., during the summer months, has been appointed General Secretary to Brigadier S. Marshall, Midland Province, in succession to Major J. Sammons, who farewells.

South Africa.

An application for officership has been received at Cape Town from a Boer prisoner at St. Helena. He has been converted while a prisoner of war.

One of our many native friends on the West Coast of Africa called at International Headquarters the other day. He is most anxious that we should commence operations on the Gold Coast, and offered to go into training that he himself might be one of the Army missionaries to his people.

The Coronation Tea at the Cape Town Metropole was a great success. Plates were laid for 100 men, and there were three sittings. The Chief Secretary started the ball rolling, and led off the National Anthem, which was sung with enthusiasm. Cheers for the King, the Salvation Army, and the officers who had got up the feast followed.

Commissioner Kilbey is on trek through the Transkei. His visit to Natal was highly successful in every way. The Commissioner wired us from Umtata that he had visited a special farm which has been under offer for the Native Training Colony—Ladykop—and his verdict is, "Splendid."

Recent heavy rains have done a great deal of damage on the Social Farm at Rondebosch. The small creek which skirts the farm has overflowed its banks on several occasions, and the market garden has suffered. Recently, however, an even greater disaster overtook the farm. One of the wings of the Men's Home has been in a somewhat dangerous condition for some time past, and on Thursday it suddenly collapsed, the front wall falling out and leaving the two rooms, ground and upper storey, open to the weather. Fortunately, no one was injured, the collapse occurring in the day time. Major Lotz and Staff-Capt. King are anxious to re-build at once; in fact, it is a work which cannot be deferred. An amount of \$1,500 is needed to make good the damage.

Switzerland.

Many comrades will be interested in the latest indication of progress in Switzerland. It is not very many months since this country was raised to the dignity of a separate Territory, under the able and strong direction of the Commissioners Booth-Hellberg. Now it is to receive a Chief Secretary, and all concerned are to be congratulated upon the choice: Lieut.-Colonel Govaars, General Secretary of Holland.

Germany.

Brigadier Schoch is assisting Commissioner Oliphant on his soul-saving tour in Southern Germany.

Japan.

The following particulars are sent by Colonel Bullard in connection with the Japanese Harvest Festival:

Our Ex-Prisoners' Home (Tokio).—During the year a very satisfactory work has been accomplished, as will be seen by the following figures—

No. Inmates at Beginning of Year.	38
" New Inmates Admitted	67
" Passed out Satisfactory	53
" Passed out Unsatisfactory	17
" Now in the Home	33

Rescue Work (Tokio).—The following figures will show what has been done in connection with our Rescue Home during the past twelve months—

No. Inmates at Beginning of Year.	6
" Received During the Year	26
" Sent to Friends or Situations	14
" Married	3
" Sent out Unsatisfactory	3
" Now in the Home	7

We have also given advice and help in a large number of "Free Cessation" cases.

Naval and Mercantile Home (Yokohama).—The following figures will show something of what has been accomplished in connection with the Home during the year—

No. Meals Supplied	20,774
" Beds Supplied	4,780
" Persons for Whom we have found Employment	89
" Sent out of Port for the Consular Authorities and the Charity Organization Society	138
" Services Conducted at the Home, on Board Ship, Teas, etc.	174
" Attendances at these	7,250

Open-Air and Public Indoor Meetings.—Our indoor meetings have been attended by 82,000 persons, and 2,930 open-air meetings have been conducted.

Finland.

The F. O's Orders and Regulations are now translated into the Finnish language, and the first edition is published.

Mrs. Major Hjelm has been appointed Training Home Principal, and as she has had years of experience in this work the appointment will be a great blessing to the Finnish field.

Norway.

A new hall has been opened in the Drammens Division.

The officers at Twedstrand corps have been kept quite busy this summer, they having no less than eight outposts to look after. How is that for a circle corps?

Australasia.

Commissioner McKie recently conducted a "Day with God" in the Independent Church, Melbourne. Scores of men and women volunteered to the mercy seat.

At Old Number One.

We were pleased to have with us for the week-end Adj. and Mrs. G. Miller and Ensign Huntingdon. The Adjutant's Bible lesson in the morning based on the words, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree," was very profitable. Several beautiful illustrations were given of the palm tree as he saw it in Bermuda. In the afternoon the Adjutant gave an address on Bermuda, which was very practical and interesting. He gave a good deal of information concerning the islands, their people, and their customs. Ensign Huntingdon added greatly to the interest of the meetings by his music and singing. Mrs. Miller spoke pointedly at night, and two souls came to God.—T. J. Meeks, Capt.

To be at our best to-morrow we must be at our best to-day.

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS.

THE COMMISSIONER.—As will be understood the greatest share of work and responsibility always comes upon the shoulders of the Territorial commander, and Salvationists should never forget to pray at all times that needed strength should be given. In these days when the battle is being pressed with such haste and energy, there is special cause for the fervent prayers of Salvationists throughout the Territory that our beloved Commissioner should be upheld by the strong arms of Jehovah.

The Harvest Festival arrangements were barely out of the way, when the pressing needs of the General's tour required attention. These, besides a multiplicity of duties to perform in connection with so large a command, has needed constant application to duty to keep pace with the needs of the war.

On Monday last the Commissioner paid a flying visit to Buffalo to confer with the Commander and Consul on the General's visit. Important plans were there discussed, and as a result of the conference some elaborate arrangements are being made to insure a triumphant and soul-saving time while the General is on this continent.

THE GENERAL.—Then don't forget the General! He comes to bless us, that is true, but let us begin to pray, among other things, that God may fit us to receive the messages he has to give. Such a lengthy tour involves the expenditure of a great amount of strength, and the General does not spare himself. Remember him, then, at the throne of grace. Pray earnestly that our highest expectations may be realized, and such a wave of salvation sweep over this continent as has never been known before.

Remember you have a part to perform. It is true that heavier tasks fall upon the shoulders of the Commissioner and others, but there are duties which relate to yourself. Interest others in the meetings, make the visit of our beloved General widely known, and come yourself filled with the Holy Ghost and ready to do all you can.

Canada and the Western States have always welcomed the General heartily, but there is every reason to believe that this visit will eclipse everything in the past.

Captain Armstrong, late of Truro, is at home in Windsor in a very low state of health. None are allowed to see him. The doctors give little hope of his recovery. Comrades will not forget to pray for his restoration.

The Headquarters Sextet had the pleasure of meeting Envoy Panter, of Bedford II., England, while at Hamilton II., and found him to be a splendid type of a Salvationist. The fight is his glory, and he seeks out the hardest struggles, and jumps into the battle with all his heart and strength. He likes Canada, but his work for the Master in England appears to be on his mind and heart, and thither he is bound this week.

Ensign Taylor, of the North-West Province, has been called to the city to attend the funeral of her brother who passed away last Tuesday, dying of appendicitis, and was only married thirteen months.

Adj. and Mrs. Barr, late of Daws City, have been appointed by the Commissioner to take command of the Hamilton I. Corps and District.

Yorkville Harvest Festival Sunday meetings were conducted by Adj. Miller. The Adjutant was assisted by Ensign Huntingdon. The meetings were well attended, and five souls sought and found pardon in the night meeting.

Returns are by no means complete but sufficient information has reached Headquarters to be sure that a great victory is in store for us through the Territory.

The hearty manner with which effort was taken up foretold that should come out on the top.

God will reward all our dear comrades who have contributed and such a lot of work in making the vest Thanksgiving so successful.



Territorial Corps Reports.



A Touching Appeal.

Blenheim.—On Wednesday night we were reinforced by our old officer, Capt. Harman, of Bridgetown, who stopped over on his way from Chatham to give us a lift. We were pleased to see him again. Capt. Barner is pushing on the war here. We had good meetings on Sunday, with a good attendance. In the afternoon the Captain chose for his lesson the 55th chapter of Isaiah, and made a touching appeal to the unsaved. A good meeting followed. We were pleased to have our old comrade, Mrs. Palmer, with us, although she is still poorly. Harvest Festival is now on, and we are going to do our best.—Ina Groom, Corps Cor.

Choice Solos.

Brooklin.—We have had a visit from Ensign French, also Capt. and Mrs. Bennett, Treas. Evelyn, and some comrades from Oshawa. We had a good crowd inside. The Ensign sang some of her choice solos, and Capt. Bennett did his best to let the people know he is alive. We had a splendid time, and these specials are invited to come again.—Lieut. Williams.

Off to the North-West.

Canning.—Since last report we have had the joy of adding two more names to the recruits' roll, who are promising soldiers. One of our boys has farewelled and taken up his abode in the North-West; and last, but not least, our Cadet has said good-bye to take a course of training in Toronto. The Captain is left alone for a while, but cheer up, Captain, we will get on all right with H. F.—S. M.

A Brave Fight.

Tilt Cove.—God is still with us, which means victory, as every warrior knows. Although the comrades are busy, and cannot get to the meetings during the week, we have glorious times. Last Sunday was a day of victory. Some straightforward firing was done, and with a bayonet charge at night we captured one from the enemy's ranks. Our new Corps-Cadet fought bravely and well. The older sisters of the corps deserve credit for the way they stuck to the prayer-meeting. The Junior war is progressing rapidly. The Company meetings are well attended. The Junior helpers and Corps-Cadets are hard to beat on this line as well as in War Cry selling.—A. T.

Six Backsliders Return.

Dresden.—On Sunday, Sept. 7th, two of our comrades farewelled for the Training Home, and we had the joy of seeing six prodigals come home. Although it was a hard fight, and the devil tried his utmost to defeat us, yet with prayer and faith we won the battle. The earnest prayer of our heart is that they will ever keep true and take the place of our comrades who have said good-bye. I am also glad to say that we have with us at present Ensign Haley and Lieut. Davis, who are going in with all their hearts to pull down the ranks of sin, and build up the Kingdom of God. We expect to be able to give some good news in the near future.—Mrs. Chinn-smith, J. S. S.-M.

From One to Twenty-Four.

Eastport.—We are having good crowds at our meetings. Capt. Taylor has fought bravely for souls here during the past eleven months. When she came to Eastport there was only one soldier on the platform, and we now have twenty-four. The corps is also in better standing than it has

ever been before. Capt. Taylor is an out-and-out Salvationist. Her whole heart and soul are in her work, and there is a warm place in the hearts of the people here for her. We pray that God will continue to bless her and crown her labor with success.—A Soldier.

A Great Work.

Fernie.—The duties of a Salvation Army officer are varied. Last week Ensign Sheard was called upon to dig a grave, and conduct the funeral service of a child, and to help exhumate the body of a young man. The Salvation Army work is ablaze here, and souls are crying to God. Last night two young married men found salvation.—A. S.

Fifteen at the Cross.

Grand Bank.—Adj. and Mrs. Hiscock are in charge of this corps, and they are the right people in the right place. The Adjutant is building a splendid new barracks, which will be "the pride of the parish." While he is engaged in the building his better half does the visiting, also the feeding of the sheep, and Lieut. Mercer feeds the lambs—the day-school children. She says they are bright, intelligent and capable of doing something for God in future years. Her greatest desires for the children are that they may advance. The best of it is, we are not down spiritually, for during the past few days fifteen souls have been saved, and many have sought the blessing of a clean heart. "Grand Bank for Jesus" is our motto.—E. M. M.

Six Souls on Sunday.

Hamilton I.—Sunday was a day of great blessing. From the time the first shot was fired, at 7 a.m., victory seemed sure. In the afternoon the Local Officers led us on and the meeting went with a swing. At night two comrades farewelled for the field. We shall miss them much, as they were always ready to lend a helping hand in the Senior as well as in the Junior work. May God's blessing rest upon them. Six souls for the day.

Cheer Up.

Kilmount.—We are pleased to report a brightening in the clouds which seemed so black at this place. With an unwavering faith in God, and a love for the people, we are pressing on through the gloom. The soldiers (God bless them) are true as steel, and not easily discouraged. Sunday night's meeting was exceptionally good. You can depend upon us.—Lieut. Warren, for Capt. Nelson.

His Last Drink.

Lowiston, Idaho.—In spite of the hot weather, God is blessing us and making our hearts glad over souls being saved. A man, who was almost a total wreck through drink, was standing at the bar with his friends taking what proved to be his last drink, when the Army soldiers took their stand in front of the saloon. The power of God took hold of him there, and putting down the glass he gave his heart to God and walked out and took his stand in the Army ring. Taking the Captain by the hand, he said, "Captain, I know God has done the work in my heart." Since that time he has been telling of the power of God to save and keep. May God keep him true, and also the others who have come to the cross during the past two weeks. With Christ on our side we are sure to win.—Mrs. S. M. Sumpter.

Welcome to the D. O.

Liverpool.—Our corps is still on the move, piloted by our new officers. We have had a visit from our new D. O., Adj. Jennings, whom we welcome to our district. Since last report four souls have sought salvation.—F. Jayne.

Sharp-Shooters.

Medicine Hat.—Harvest Festival is upon us. Sharp-shooters have already taken a shot at our target with good results, while others have got down

their guns with a determination to blow it to pieces. With plenty of ammunition, we have no doubt it will be smashed in a very little while. Our numbers are not many, but we are pushing the battle along. Some backsliders have returned to the fold. Our officers are on fire for God and souls. God bless them. We are believing for a great work to be done here. Many are longing to be saved. We are having splendid open-air meetings.—Sandy Scotch.

Victory I

Missoula.—We are still praising God for victory. Since last report two backsliders have come back to the fold, and in Sunday morning's holiness meeting three came out for sanctification.—J. H. F., R.C.

A Band in Two Months.

Montreal II.—The soldiers are growing in grace, and we believe that before long we shall see sinners coming to the Master's feet crying for mercy. We have had to say good-bye to two of the Cadets, H. Hurd and B. Hippert. We will miss them very much, but we are trying, by the grace of God, to get someone to take their place. We had a good Sunday on Sept. 7th. The meetings were full of the Spirit of God. The band was to the front, and great credit is due to Bandmaster Harris, who, in two months, has been trying to get the band up. God bless him, also the officers, Capt. and Mrs. Crego, and their little one. We have started the H. F., and God is helping us wonderfully.—Corps-Cadet H. A. Harvey.

Glorious Times.

Neopawa.—God is helping us and we are having glorious meetings. Souls are deeply convicted, and we believe they will yield in the near future. Our officers are away collecting for Harvest Festival and the soldiers are leading the meetings.—Cor.

Twenty Souls.

Newtown.—Since our return from the annual councils God has poured out His Spirit here, and twenty precious souls have sought and found salvation. Hallelujah!—Lieut. Sexton.

Rejoicing Over Three Souls.

Oshawa.—God is blessing us in this part of the battlefield, and we are rejoicing over three souls giving themselves to God. Ensign French, from Provincial Headquarters, was with us on Saturday and Sunday. God came very near and blessed us. The crowds and collections were good, the soldiers turned out well, and altogether we had a splendid time.—H. Bennett, Captain.

Inspired and Encouraged.

Ottawa.—Sunday was a good day to our souls in the service of our Master, who richly bestowed blessings upon us. The meetings were well attended all day, and one soul proved God's power to save on Sunday night. Ensign and Mrs. Bloss were in charge, being nobly assisted by Ensign Hicks, who has just returned from a well-earned rest feeling much better. Ensign Hicks' words inspired and encouraged us as she gave an account of the wonderful meetings she had the privilege of attending at Old Orchard Beach. Sister Yandaw has just returned to the city, after being home for a short rest.—A. French, R.C.

Four Recruits Enrolled.

Port Hope.—We have had a visit from Staff-Capt. Creighton, who enrolled four recruits under the flag. We had a good time. This is the place for uniform; the soldiers believe in being out-and-out Salvationists. Capt. Fudge was with us, also Cadet Boyd, an old friend, who is on his way to the Training Home. On Sunday we had Bro. and Sister Sligh, and Cadet Welsh, from Rochester, with us.—Eastern Boy.

On the Move.

St. John's II.—We are having beautiful meetings, and God is blessing us. Yesterday was a most blessed day at



Adj. and Mrs. Hiscock, Grand Bank District, Nfld.

No. II. Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeth, Staff-Capt. McGillivray, Ensign H. and Lieut. Bowering were with us, and we finished a good day with four souls in the fountain, making eight since last report. Crowds and collections are on the upgrade. War Cry are all sold out, in fact everything on the move. We are going in for victory through the blood of Jesus. John Lucas.

A Poor Wanderer Returned.

Whitby.—Sunday's meetings were times of great blessing. Beginning knee-drill, we felt that God's presence was with us. The crowds and prayers for the day were very good, and the evening we were honored by the presence of Mr. Joseph Gibson, Ingersoll, who is at present visiting this city in connection with the Methodist Conference. The meeting was very interesting, and everyone enjoyed listening to the sound and earnest advice given. Besides listening to a bright and interesting talk of Mr. Gibson, they were held spellbound by the touching solos of Mrs. A. Hughes and Bro. Brown, and after well-fought prayer meeting we rejoiced and praised God over one poor wanderer, who for two years has been rebellion to God, returning to the fold. Have you reached your target? the general question these days. Lay out for Whitby's H. F. report. One doubts getting the target, it how much we are going over.—Shin-

C. B. M. Notes.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN WHITE.

At Hespeler I found that we could not have the hall, therefore we were disappointed in the lantern service. Mrs. Johnson, who is a real good Army friend, continues to do well with the boxes. Her returns were all as usual; she is always on time. M. Bergoy, of Preston, deserves honorable mention, as she is box agent this place and takes an interest in same, although there are no office here.

I next found myself in Paris, where Capt. Kitchen and Lieut. Yeomans led the way. The lantern service was very good, and enjoyed by all present. Sister Aggie West had her box most all ready, and she has done well.

The next place visited was Brantford, where we had a successful time. The service, "Alone in Liverpool," was much enjoyed. Mrs. Major (no and her assistant are in for Harvest Festival full swing.

At Simcoe, where Capt. Horwood and Lieut. Hinsley are in charge, service was fairly well attended. Sister Wilson did her part well, and brought in her returns promptly.

Tilsonburg was the next stop place, where I spent the week-end. Ensign Howcroft and Lieut. Anderson are in charge. They have just moved into a new place, and will be much better when they get settled.

I am writing these notes at Norwalk. Mrs. Serle has kindly arranged for meeting, which bids fair to be a success. She has also collected box money, and is looking well at my temporal needs. Mrs. Moncton also done well in selling the tick. Well done, mother. The comrades would like to have officers here again.

The writer is still well and happy. Glory be to God!

Three Soldiers of Hamilton I. Corps.



Through East Ontario.

By STAFF-CAPT. D. L. CREIGHTON.

Having spent my vacation visiting "The Mountain and The Island," taking my family for a holiday trip on the street car, and doing odd repairs to the quarters, I returned to the office, straightened out a few things, and packed my valises with Trade, preparatory to starting on a four-weeks' tour through the Province.

Accompanied by that energetic and rising young officer, the Financial Special, I then made my way to the Windsor St. railway station, the "Good-bye," and "God bless you," of the P. O. ringing in my ears. A few hours' ride and I reach

Perth,

my first appointment. The expected Salvation Army officer is nowhere to be seen, and being an utter stranger, I am so overcome with a sense of my ignorance and inability to choose the right way, that I allow myself to follow the multitude down the Broadway, and where I would have drifted had not a Salvation watchman accosted me and persuaded me to turn in with him, who can tell? Here the inner man is refreshed, and I learn that the officer appointed has not arrived, and that my visit was unannounced. Some advertising must be done, and for this purpose I made a tour of the town, visiting the barracks, inspecting "the Ditch," witnessing a dog-fight, and eventually finding my way to the brickfield, where Sergt.-Major Stacey was busily engaged. After a few words with him, and visiting his good wife, I pronounced the bricks well made in the salvation pottery. The visible result of our efforts was a muster of three for the march, and some nine or ten inside. Near the close, one poor fellow, looking much the worse for drink, came in.

"I like the Army. I heard the noise, and thinking there was a meeting, came in. I was a good man once, but I think God gets tired, as well as the people, helping such as me," he said.

We tried to help him, but the devil does not relinquish his hold on such victims easily, and we had to leave him in his sins. A few hours' rest and I catch the midnight train, arriving in

Tweed

before daybreak. The local Moon met me, but in spite of his benignant rays, it was still very dark. However, I reached the quarters, where Captain Birtch interested herself in me, and I was soon snoring away the few remaining hours of rightful slumber, numbered with such noted warriors as Brigadier Pugmire, Ensign Comstock, and Capt. Urquhart, who slumbered and slept under the same roof. They were early astir with songs of deliverance and victory, interspersed with kind words of salutation and enquiries. The Brigadier and his armor-bearer had successfully launched their campaign, and already taken eighteen prisoners. Ensign Comstock told us of a visit she had just paid to several outlying villages, where there are already twenty-six soldiers, a good Junior work, and splendid prospects for opening a circle corps. Captain Birtch reported her health much more satisfactory, but she fears "the cold, chilly blasts of November," and longs for wings with which she may suddenly migrate to a southern clime.

So pleased and interested was I with the companionship of these comrades that I quite forgot myself, but suffered a rude awakening as the train was moving off, when I remembered that my valise was left behind. What a sensation! I set my teeth, and would not be troubled, but alighted at Havelock wearing a smile, only to encounter misfortune again. The stage had gone, and there were twelve miles, and only a short time, between me and my appointment. Something desperate must be done. I secured a rig, sent instructions regarding my baggage, and in a few minutes was hurrying across the country.

"Is the driver saved? What can I do for his soul?" Thus I questioned myself.

He was a boy eleven years old. We chatted away. I thought I saw an opening.

"Are you trying to grow up a good man?"

"Yes."

"Are you converted?"

"Yes; two years ago. I belong to the church, and our minister often has revival meetings."

The ready and clear testimony of this young disciple pleased me greatly, and I simply said, "Quite right, lad; keep at it, and you are safe for both worlds."

We arrived at

Campbellford

to find Capt. Clark and his aides making preparations for the social. The Captain has been making great improvements and the barracks shines forth in its new robe of paint. The entrance is reconstructed in a most creditable manner, and other signs are not wanting to demonstrate the Captain's ingenuity. When the Treasurer and Secretary had given it a thorough good scrubbing the surroundings were most agreeable. But, alas! the Captain has lost twenty pounds and occupies the humiliating position of being not only the lesser light, but the lighter weight, his wife tipping the scales one pound heavier than he. By the way, no report of the marriage of this worthy couple appeared in the Cry. They, nevertheless had a splendid wedding at Brockville, the congratulations being hearty and extensive, and all friends can rest assured that they are contented and happy. Mrs. Clark is a regular hustler, and after a most exhausting day's work, accompanied by her faithful assistant, Corps-Cadet Casselman, she bombarded the hotels, etc., after the meeting, in order to sell out the War Crys. The meetings took the form of a re-opening, and what times we had! The Temperance Alliance provided a program for a special Sunday afternoon meeting. Capt. Clark was chairman, and after a few songs and addresses, the Captain gave a rousing total abstinence talk, and the principles advocated drew hearty congratulations from many of the hearers. The night meeting was well attended and deeply spiritual. The prayer meeting was well fought out. Several were deeply convicted, but no one surrendered. This was the only cloud in the sky when we left early the next morning for Peterboro.

The Harmonic Revivalists.

We arrived at St. Johnsbury safely, and were met at the station by the officers, Capt. Magee and Lieut. Webster, who escorted us to the quarters, where the wants of the inner man were supplied. St. Johnsbury corps has a special interest for Adj. Kendall, as he opened fire here some years ago. When meeting-time came we met the braves of this corps, also the noted baby band, which is a credit to the town. These bandmen pray as well as play. Bro. Rodliffe is their esteemed leader. We had a splendid holiness meeting. Two ministers were present and testified to the goodness of God. The open-air meetings were well attended, large crowds stood around the ring and seemed deeply interested. The Gospel message was delivered unto them in the old-fashioned way. The inside meetings were well attended. God's Spirit was present in a wonderful manner, hearts were stirred and consciences were gripped. Sunday's meetings were times of blessing. One soul came forward in the afternoon meeting, a good case, who was at one time a leader of God's people.

Monday was the farewell meeting of the Harmonics, and it was a regular hallelujah time. There was a musical program, and a special feature of the meeting was a boy to be given away. There was also an enrolment, which made an addition to the Senior and Junior rolls. Mrs. Kendall was the principal speaker. Her subject was, "The Salvation Army, its Principles and Mission," which was handled in a splendid manner. A rousing prayer meeting followed, and three souls knelt at the mercy seat, making in all five souls. It was a heavenly time, everybody was shouting happy and great interest was aroused. We pray that it may continue and result in many souls for the Kingdom. Officers and soldiers rendered robe assistance. The Harmonics deeply appreciate the kindness of Treas. Proctor and Bro. Rodliffe who looked after their temporal needs.—D. O. C.

Interview with Adj. Goodwin.

Quid: "Good morning, Adjutant; might I intrude on your valuable time to gather a few particulars regarding the camp meetings now being held in your city? I understand Major McMillan, your Provincial Officer, has been conducting a series of special revival meetings under canvas."

Adj. Goodwin: "Yes, Major and Mrs. McMillan, assisted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Rawling, Adj. and Mrs. Orchard, myself and others, have been conducting camp meetings in London since August 22nd, and as time has gone on the interest has grown rapidly and we are having splendid times."

Q.: "That is encouraging news indeed, Adjutant. I should think that the holding of these meetings under canvas would be quite an attraction."

A.: "Decidedly so. It is many years now since camp meetings have been held in the city, by us or any other denomination."

Q.: "It is not always possible to get suitable grounds for a camp; how did you succeed in this?"

A.: "I did quite a bit of scouting myself before we secured the beautiful spot where we are now. However, Mrs. Clark, whose husband, Magistrate Clark, used to be a kind friend of the Army, gave us the privilege of using their beautiful grounds. It is really a beautiful spot, well lighted by electricity in the grounds as well as the tent."

Q.: "Have you had good crowds attending the meetings?"

A.: "Yes, I am pleased to say that our crowds have been tremendous, especially on the Sundays. Over a thousand were estimated to have been present at the Sunday night meetings."

Q.: "Have your soldiers turned out well to these meetings?"

A.: "Yes, they have been very enthusiastic over them, as you may judge from the fact that we have had no less than thirty, and as high as seventy-five to our open-air meetings nightly. The band has also done grand service."

Q.: "I suppose you have had other Christian friends unite with you in this effort?"

A.: "We have been visited by Christians of all denominations, who have testified, prayed, and did penitential form duty as though they were bred and born Salvationists; in fact, they have been so pleased that they have been unanimous in expressing their desire to have the camp meetings prolonged another week, to which the Major has agreed."

Q.: "What has been the character of the meetings, may I enquire?"

A.: "They have been free, old-fashioned revival meetings. The Major has spoken with liberty and fire, and conviction followed his efforts. Mrs. McMillan has been very energetic during the campaign as well, attending and taking part in the open-air as well as inside meetings, her singing and speaking making a deep impression upon her hearers. The Chancellor has done active service and has been a great help to the Major, while Adj. Orchard, as usual, made things lively in his own way. Mrs. Orchard has faithfully done her duty dealing with penitents."

Q.: "I understand the camp grounds have been quite a distance from the Citadel, and I presume you have felt the walking somewhat?"

A.: "Well, no; you see the electric car passes the gate of the grounds, and besides we had what I called our 'War Chariot.' I cannot say that the springs of this vehicle are any too elastic, but we found it very convenient, especially when it rained, as we would load up, drum and all."

Q.: "That reminds me, Adjutant; have you had favorable weather?"

A.: "We have had the best weather of the summer season. There has been very little rain, and the weather has been delightfully cool."

Q.: "I hear you had a 'Big Go' on Labor Day."

A.: "Yes, the Major took advantage of the crowd of visitors that came to the city that day, and arranged for some meetings to be held on the grounds, followed by a picnic for the soldiers and friends. In the afternoon we had a large open-air meeting up town, the soldiers bringing their baskets of provisions with them to the open-air, after which we marched to the grounds. We had with us Capt. Campbell, of St. Thomas, and we had

also the pleasure of a visit from Staff-Capts. Burditt and Manton, who were passing through the city. At our meeting that night we had nine souls forward to the penitent form."

Q.: "I should like to know if the spiritual results of the meetings have come up to your expectations?"

A.: "I have more pleasure in making this known than anything you have hitherto asked. About one hundred persons have knelt at our penitent form for salvation and sanctification. Some, after years of disobedience, have come again and surrendered to God to walk the path that is very narrow. A number have also decided to take their stand as soldiers."

Q.: "I presume the expense of such an effort will be rather heavy, will it not?"

A.: "Yes, the expenses have been quite high, but there has been a spirit of liberality existing, which always follows a successful spiritual effort, the people have had a mind to give, and the finances have gone beyond our highest expectations."

Q.: "They say 'All's well that ends well.' Did you have a good finish up, Adjutant?"

A.: "We had a splendid wind-up. The march on Sunday night was indeed a record-breaker, eighty-five persons taking part in the procession. The campaign closed with a great thanksgiving rally on Monday night. A few words of farewell were heard from Adj. and Mrs. Orchard, who leave the Camp Brigade, where they have labored faithfully all summer, and go to Wingham, to do the Harvest Festival effort there, after which they will again go on special soul-saving work. We have enjoyed having Major and Mrs. McMillan and the Chancellors with us. They have indeed, through these meetings, proved a great blessing and help to the corps and work in the city."

Q.: "Do you know where the camp goes next, Adjutant?"

A.: "As the weather is getting too cool now for the tent, the London campaign is the last this season. I have just come from the grounds now, where they are busy pulling up the stakes and bundling up canvas. These camp meetings shall indeed live in our memories, for the blessings we have ourselves received, and for the blessings God has been pleased to pour out upon others who have attended them."

In a short interview with Major McMillan and the Chancellor this afternoon they informed me that they have been well pleased with the result of their labors here; in fact, so much so that it is their intention to hold another series of camp meetings in the same grounds next season, which arrangement I am sure will be hailed with delight by everyone.—Quid Nunc.

Hallelujah Wedding.

A wedding took place here on Tuesday evening, which was something a little different from the ordinary affair of this kind, when Capt. J. E. Calvert, of the Salvation Army corps here, was united in marriage to Capt. Eva L. Matthews, of Burk's Falls. The ceremony was performed by Brigadier Pickering, of Toronto. The bridesmaid was Capt. Meader, of North Bay, who was formerly of this town, and the groomsmen was his brother, Geo. Calvert, from Kincardine. Both the bride and bridesmaid were attired in dark costume and wore white sashes. At the conclusion of the ceremony Staff-Capt. Cass read a number of congratulatory messages, which had been received from outside officers and short addresses were given by the groom's father—who was present from Thedford—and by Staff-Captain Cass, Capt. Meader, and both the contracting parties. Capt. Meader also sang a solo very sweetly. The newly-married couple left in the morning for a couple of weeks' visit to his home in Thedford, after which they will return and take charge of the corps here. The band, which was present, rendered some appropriate selections.—Bowmanville News.

Letters received at the Naval and Military Office since September, 1901 up to March, 1902, are 2,444. Despatched, not including the Monthly Letter, 2,456.

Happenings of the Week.

Canadian Cuttings.

The strike of 300 employees of the Toronto Carpet Company has been declared off, after ten weeks.

Hon. James H. Ross has been offered and accepted the nomination to represent the Yukon in the Commons.

Ontario's statute to the late Queen Victoria has been placed in position in Queen's Park on the pedestal facing the eastern wing of the Parliament Buildings.

The Government has decided on Thursday, Oct. 16th, for Thanksgiving Day.

The Dominion Elevator Company's elevator at Moose Jaw collapsed, completely wrecking the building, which contained about nine thousand bushels of wheat.

Premier Roblin, of Manitoba, has sufficiently recovered to attend to business.

The strike at the Dominion Organ & Piano Factory, at Bowmanville, has been settled.

Lieut. Peary has arrived from the frozen north on board the Windward. Peary did not discover the pole, but on the last dash made important discoveries. He was tendered an enthusiastic reception at the Alexandria Hall. The large building was packed to its fullest capacity. Mayor Crowe occupied the chair.

The trustees of Queen's University have decided to set apart a day in November on which to hold a memorial service for the late Principal Grant.

A small gasoline tug, a number of gill nets, and a quantity of fish, were captured off Long Point, by the cruiser Petrel, for fishing in Canadian waters.

The express from Montreal ran into an open switch at Maberly. The fireman was scalded to death, and the engineer was badly injured.

Rev. Dr. Chown, of Broadway Tabernacle, Toronto, announced to the Methodist General Conference that he would accept the position of Field Secretary for Temperance and Moral Reform.

In consequence of a split in the Dominion Trades Congress, at Berlin, the Knights of Labor and their sympathizers have formed a new organization, to be known as the National Trades and Labor Council of Canada.

Dr. J. H. Tennant, of London, Ont., is fighting an outbreak of hog cholera, at Tilbury East. He had nearly 300 hogs killed.

A Mon escaped from its cage, near the Grand Opera House, in Ottawa, and caused a panic. The animal was soon re-captured.

The Snowdrift Company's factory, at Brantford, and Geo. Watt & Sons' grocery were burned. The loss is about \$70,000.

The Grand Jury, at London, Ont., brought in a true bill for manslaughter against John McArthur, charged with having caused the death of Augustus Ninham, the Onondaga Indian.

Rev. Dr. Carman was re-elected General Superintendent by the Methodist General Conference, at Winnipeg, and Rev. George J. Bond, of Halifax, was elected editor of the Christian Guardian in succession to Rev. Dr. Courtice.

The old Parliament Buildings, on Front St., Toronto, have been sold to the Paving & Construction Company, for a sum in the neighborhood of \$5,000.

U. S. Siftings.

By the will of the late W. S. Stratton, of Colorado, \$1,000,000 is given to build a hospital home, at Colorado Springs, and practically all the rest of his estate of \$14,000,000 to maintain it.

It is reported that a riot took place at Berrysburg, Barbour County, Thursday night, in which three Italians were killed and one badly wounded. The Italians are coal miners, working for the Southern Coal and Transportation Company, and the riot occurred in a speak-easy adjoining the coal works.

Pupils at a Scranton school went on strike because, they declared, the

school was being heated with non-union coal. At Pringle Hill the children went out because the daughter of a non-union worker was allowed to attend.

At the negro Baptists' revival meeting, Birmingham, Ala., two men got into a difficulty; someone yelled "fight," and the audience, mistaking it for "fire," stampeded. Sixty-five are dead and eighty are seriously injured. The convention was officially known as the National Negro Baptist Convention.

British Briefs.

Lord Rosebery is ill.

British shipyards have notified their men of a reduction in wages.

Stanley Spencer is the hero of the hour. He crossed London in an airship of his own invention.

An order has been placed in England for 104 coaches, 38 engines, and 250 steel coal trucks for Central South Africa.

Nine new torpedo-boat destroyers, built for the navy, will be slower and of more substantial construction than the present type.

The schooner Southern Cross, belonging to the London Missionary Society, was wrecked on the French island of Tahiti, near the harbor of Papeete. There were a number of passengers on board, but all were rescued. The vessel was broken to pieces on the coral-bound shore.

International Items.

The Queen of the Belgians died very unexpectedly.

Gen. Botha has received \$100,000 in aid of the destitute Boers from Arthur White, an American.

There are 16,000 wounded Boers, according to Gen. Botha, who are incapable of working, and require assistance.

A heavy earthquake shock was felt at Guayaquil.

Scottish miners have accepted a reduction in wages.

At Weendam, Holland, a demented teacher strangled five of his pupils to death, severely wounding seven others, and then committed suicide by jumping into the village pond.

The Indian budget for the current year is expected to show an improvement in net revenue of £91,600.

There was an eruption of La Soufriere, but no loss of life. A peculiarity of this eruption is found in the fact that no dust nor scoriae was emitted by the volcano. Flames were seen flitting above the crater, and the sight was accompanied by thunderlike explosions.

Three thousand four hundred and thirty-seven Cape rebels who surrendered under the peace proclamation have been disfranchised for life.

It is reported that from 300 to 1,000 Catholic converts have been killed by Boxers in the Province of Szechuen.

Six cases of cholera and one death from that disease have developed on board the United States transport Sherman, at Nagasaki, Japan.

Cholera is light in Manila and bad in the provinces. The totals to date reported from the islands are 59,750 cases and 41,804 deaths. These are unofficial estimates.

A despatch from Martinique says that the growls from Mont Pelee are finally diminishing. The volcano is still in eruption, but its activity is now insignificant. All necessary measures to assist the sufferers have been taken by the Government. The native population is calming down. It is the opinion of cool observers that Fort de France is in no way menaced even if a tidal wave comes.

The forces of the Provincial Government of Hayti, commanded by the War Minister, Gen. Nord, have sustained a severe defeat at Limbe. Gen. Nord, at the head of 3,000 men, attacked Limbe. After desperate fighting, lasting three hours, he abandoned his position, guns, and munitions, and left a great number of dead and wounded, including several generals, on the

field. The population of Cape Haytien is in a state of anxiety. The enemy, to the number of 4,000 well-armed men, is advancing on the place. Another battle before the town is imminent.

Encouraging results of wireless telephony have been obtained on the Wannsee Lake, by Ernest Ruhmer, the physicist, who followed the line of Prof. Graham Bell's experiment with light. Clear and comparatively loud sounds were heard at distances of four to even seven kilometers, respectively about two and a half and four and a quarter miles.

Repeated violent earthquakes occurred throughout the entire eastern portion of Turkestan from August 26 to September 3. Numerous houses were destroyed and many fatalities have been reported.

Marriage Bells.

Bandsman Robert (Bob) Eccles and Sergt. Nellie Porter were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, at Victoria, B.C., by Adj. Hay, of Vancouver Shelter, on Sept. 3rd. For a week the wedding had been announced, and of course everyone was looking forward to a good time. The A.O.U.W. Hall was engaged for the meeting. The officers and soldiers had a busy day preparing the floral decorations, which consisted of a beautiful arch of flowers, and suspended from the centre a handsome marriage bell of white asters. Everything being in readiness we had a rousing march through the principal streets, and an open-air meeting. Arriving at the A.O.U.W. Hall we found the place packed with friends, all eager to see the ceremony. The band played the opening song, prayer was offered on behalf of the happy couple by the Adjutant, a song was sung, then the Adjutant spoke, after which the bridal party stepped forward: Bandsman Eccles, accompanied by his best man, Mr. J. H. Eccles, and Sergt. Nellie Porter (in a short time to be Porter no more), with her bridesmaid, Miss Fannie Eccles, who led the bride to a position under the bell, the Salvation Army colors waving directly over them. The marriage service was read by Adj. Hay, and in a short time our comrades were made one. The climax was reached when the groom kissed his blushing bride, with the hearty clapping of the entire audience. Capt. Walrath then sang a solo, "Let me love Thee, Saviour." At the conclusion of the meeting the audience remained and partook of coffee and cake, supplemented by a piece of bride's cake. Thus ended a very happy event, but we are living in hopes of having another such treat before the Christmas pudding comes around.—Sergt. W. H. Shillinglaw.

"TAKE HEED, THEREFORE, HOW YE HEAR."

A man who had sat under the ministry of Dr. Guthrie, when on his dying bed said to him, "I have never heard a single sermon." Astonished at the singular statement, when he knew the man had been a regular attendant upon ministry, he thought that the man must be demented, but this was not so. The explanation of the man was a sad confession. "I attended church," said he, "but my habit was, as soon as you commenced to preach, to begin a review of last week's trade, or to arrange the business of the week to come." Thus, the mind preoccupied, there was no room for the good seed in the heart.

It is said that a ship builder was once asked what he thought of Mr. Whitfield's preaching. "Think?" said he. "I tell you, sir, that every Sunday I go to my own church, while the preacher is preaching I can build a ship from stem to stern; but under Mr. Whitfield's preaching, were it to save my soul I could not lay a single plank." Here was the difference between the preaching of one man and that of another.

A Christian man is Christ's best monument.

The God-dependent are the most independent.



III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WAR OF THE SUCCESSION.

Leopold I. A.D. 1635-1705

In 1605 had died Karl, the Elector Palatine, grandson to the Winter King. He left no children, and his nearest male relation, the Duke of Neuburg, father of the Empress, inherited the county on the Rhine; but Elizabeth the sister of the late Pfalzgraf, was married to the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., and the French King hoped through her to gain more of the borders of the river. So he claimed as her right various Rhineland fortresses, which would have let the French quite into the heart of the country. When the claim was refused, Marshal Turenne was sent to invade the country, with orders to destroy what he could not keep. It was in the depth of winter, and three days' notice was given to each unhappy village that the people might remove, and then every house was pillaged and burnt, every garden rooted up, and even the vineyards and corn-fields laid waste. Wurns and Mannheim were burnt, and the tombs of the German Emperors at Speyer were broken open, and the noble old castle of Heidelberg was blown up with gunpowder.

It was worse than even Louis XIV. had intended, and he stopped the ruin that was intended for Trier, but the Markgraf of Baden declared that he had come from Hungary only to see that Christians could be more savage than Turks.

In the midst of this horrible war died the great Elector Friedrich Wilhelm of Brandenburg, after having ruled for forty-eight years, and saving restored Brandenburg and Prussia to prosperity after the dreadful state in which the Thirty Years' War had left them.

The Elector of Saxony, August, had on Sobieski's death, become a Roman Catholic, because he wanted to be King of Poland. He was a man of such wonderful strength that he could twist a horseshoe into any shape he pleased with his fingers; but he was a bad and dissipated man, whose passion was quite a proverb, and whose vice was frightful. One dissipated party alone cost three million dollars!

The Protestants complained so much that his defection upset the balance of the diet, that they were allowed another Elector, Ernest August, Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, who had to come Elector of Hanover.

The war of the Palatinate was, however, not so much fought out in Germany as by the Emperor's allies, the other powers of Europe, with William III. of England as their leading spirit, and in 1697 peace was made at Ryswick, leaving Strasbourg to France, but taking back to Germany Breisach, Freiburg, and Philippsburg, which had been seized as belonging to Rhine.

But the peace of Ryswick was only a resting-place before another war which every one saw coming, since Charles II., King of Spain, was a childless man, without children, who a death was constantly expected, and who was to become of his kingdom? He had no brother, but he had had two sisters; the eldest was married to Louis XIV., who had left a son; the other, Margarita, had been the first wife of Leopold, and had left no daughter, Antonia, who had married the Elector of Bavaria, and had a son named Ferdinand.

(To be continued.)

East Ontario Province.

MAJOR TURNER

Will visit Quebec, Sat. and Sun., Sep. 27, 28; Cornwall, Wed., Oct. 1; Prescott, Thurs., Oct. 2; Brockville, Fri. Oct. 3; Morrisburg, Sat. and Sun. Oct. 4, 5; Montreal, Mon., Oct. 6.

THE HARMONIC REVIVALISTS

Burlington, Vt., Sept. 23 to Oct. 6; St. Albans, Vt., Oct. 7 to 12; Pt. St. Charles, Que., Oct. 14 to 27.